



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



52 BIG
PAGES

10¢

ACTION COMICS

NO.154 MAR.

See
WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THE
MAN OF STEEL
BECOMES
LOIS LANE'S
SUPERMAN FRIDAY
in *Miss*
ROBINSON
CRUSOE



BLACK OF DIMES



JANUARY 15-31

TOPS COMICS!



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SUPERMAN

IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT MEN ARE STRONGER AND BETTER EQUIPPED TO MEET PHYSICAL HARDSHIP AND DANGER THAN WOMEN? WELL--THERE ARE MANY WHO BELIEVE THE REVERSE-- AND ONE OF THEM IS LOIS LANE!

AND WHAT A HEADACHE FOR SUPERMAN WHO HAS TO FACE ONE DIFFICULTY AFTER ANOTHER WHILE THE WORLD WAITS TO LEARN WHETHER MEN OR WOMEN WILL BE PROVEN SUPERIOR BY THE OUTCOME OF LOIS LANE'S HECTIC WEEK AS...

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE!



AS REPORTERS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT MEET AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE ONE MORNING...

WELL, CLARK... YOU'RE ON TIME FOR ONCE! THINK YOU'RE IN SHAPE FOR THE BIG ORDEAL?

I AM, LOIS... BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? IT'LL BE PRETTY ROUGH ON A WOMAN, YOU KNOW!



YOU'LL SOON LEARN THAT WOMEN AREN'T AS FRAGILE AS THEY USED TO BE, CLARK! ANYWAY, HERE'S WHERE WE SEPARATE!

RIGHT... SEE YOU UPSTAIRS AFTER WE CHANGE CLOTHING! WONDER WHAT KIND OF OUTFITS WE'LL HAVE TO WEAR?



WHILE UPSTAIRS, MANAGING EDITOR PERRY WHITE ENTERTAINS A GROUP OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND INTERESTED VISITORS...

LOIS AND CLARK HAVE ALREADY ARRIVED IN THEIR SPECIAL DRESSING ROOMS! THEY'LL BE UP HERE ANY MINUTE!

HERE THEY COME NOW, MR. WHITE!



HELLO, EVERYBODY!

WELL--HOW DO YOU FUTURE CASTAWAYS FEEL ABOUT THIS **ROBINSON CRUSOE EXPERIMENT**? DOES EITHER OF YOU CARE TO PREDICT WHO'LL BE THE WINNER?



HOW CAN THEY ANSWER THAT NOW? THAT'S WHY THE DAILY PLANET'S SPONSORING THIS TEST... AT THE END OF ONE WEEK, OUR JUDGES WILL DECIDE WHO'S MORE ABLE TO LIVE ALONE UNDER PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS--THE MAN OR THE WOMAN!



WE CHOSE THIS UNINHABITED SOUTH SEA ISLAND FOR OUR CASTAWAYS, BECAUSE IT HAS A NATURAL STONE WALL DOWN ITS CENTER! WITH A FEW SIMPLE TOOLS, EACH WILL OCCUPY HALF THE ISLAND AND TRY TO MANAGE LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE DID!



MEANWHILE, ALL OVER THE NATION, THE COMING BATTLE OF THE SEXES TOUCHES OFF HOT DEBATES -- LIKE IN THIS TYPICAL HOME...

HA, HA...WHY, MOST WOMEN CAN'T EVEN CHANGE A FLAT TIRE! IF THIS LOIS LANE'S A TYPICAL WOMAN, SHE'S IN FOR A ROUGH TIME!

OH, IS THAT SO?



IF I DIDN'T COOK, SEW AND CLEAN FOR YOU, YOU'D EITHER STARVE OR FREEZE TO DEATH! AND IF THIS CLARK KENT'S LIKE YOU, I FEEL REAL SORRY FOR HIM ON THAT PRIMITIVE ISLAND!

WELL-- YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE!



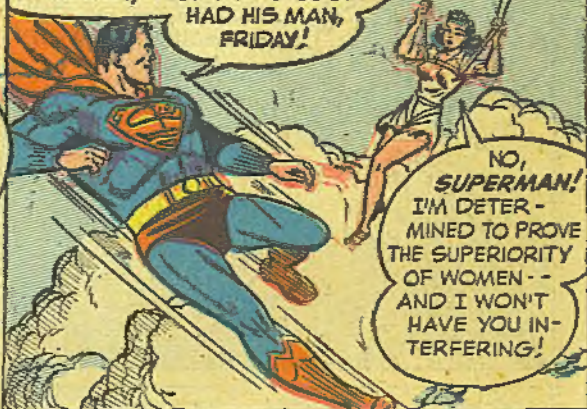
LATER THAT DAY, AS CLARK PARACHUTES FROM THE PLANE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM OVER HIS HALF OF THE ISLAND...



I'D HOPED PERRY WOULD SELECT SOMEONE ELSE FOR THIS TEST! BUT HOW COULD I TELL HIM I'M REALLY **SUPERMAN** AND THE TEST IS UNFAIR? NOW, THE ONLY WAY I CAN EVEN THINGS UP IS BY HELPING LOIS-- AS **SUPERMAN**!

SO AFTER LANDING, CLARK SWITCHES TO **SUPERMAN**...

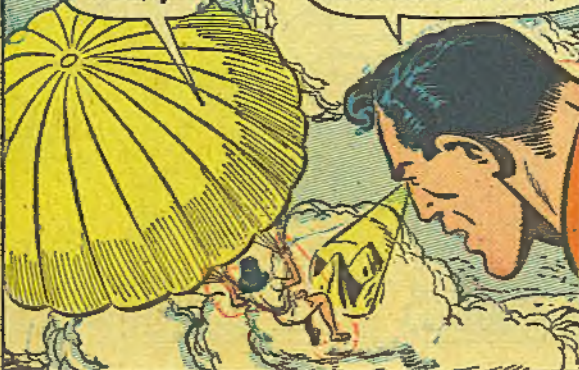
HELLO, LOIS... NEED SOME HELP! AFTER ALL, ROBINSON CRUSOE HAD HIS MAN, FRIDAY!



NO, **SUPERMAN**! I'M DETERMINED TO PROVE THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN-- AND I WON'T HAVE YOU INTERFERING!

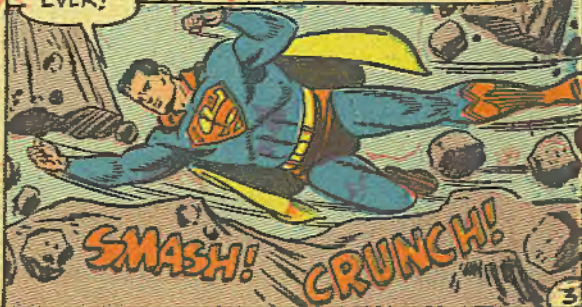
SO REMEMBER--YOU STAY OUT OF THIS! ANY TROUBLE I GET INTO, I'LL HANDLE **WITHOUT ANY MASCULINE HELP!**

OH, OH...MY **X-RAY VISION** SHOWS SHE'S ALREADY IN TROUBLE! SHE'S HEADED FOR THOSE SHARP ROCKS... MUST PREVENT THAT!



QUICKLY, THE **MAN OF STEEL** PLUNGES TOWARD THE DANGER SPOT...

WHILE SHE'S STILL ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND CAN'T SEE ME, I'LL LEVEL THESE ROCKS SO THAT SHE CAN LAND SAFELY! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY...EVEN THOUGH IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CONTEST, LOIS IS DETERMINED TO RECEIVE NO HELP WHATSOEVER!



SOON, AFTER A SAFE LANDING...

HERE'S THE CHEST THEY LEFT WITH THE FEW CRUDE TOOLS I'M TO USE FOR MAKING THIS ISLAND HABITABLE! HMM... THIS CORD, PLUS ONE OF MY HAIRPINS, WILL PROVIDE FISHING TACKLE! AND HERE'S A KNIFE, SOME DRY BISCUITS... THE SAME THINGS ROBINSON CRUSOE STARTED OUT WITH!



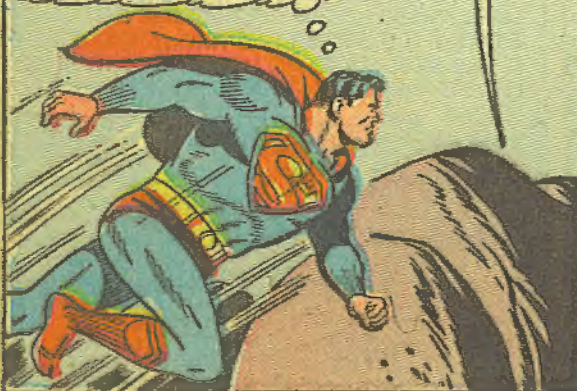
SWIFTLY, HE RE-ARRANGES THE ROCKY BED OF THE STREAM, AND...

THERE! THE RUSH OF THE WATER AGAINST THIS SERIES OF ROCKS TURNS IT INTO A FINE SPRAY SO THAT THE SUN AERATES AND PURIFIES IT--JUST LIKE A CITY RESERVOIR!



HER VOICE CAME FROM JUST OVER THIS RIDGE AND--HUH?? THAT LOG CABIN... LOIS COULDN'T HAVE BUILT THAT! HOW'D IT GET HERE?

OH--
SUPERMAN!



WHILE BACK ON CLARK'S SIDE, SUPERMAN DISCOVERS THE BROOK THAT SUPPLIES THE ISLAND WITH FRESH WATER...

ACCORDING TO MY **SUPER-MICROSCOPIC VISION**, THIS WATER CONTAINS **HARMFUL BACTERIA!** LOIS WILL PROBABLY REMEMBER TO BOIL IT, BUT I'D BETTER PURIFY IT COMPLETELY--TO MAKE SURE!



SUDDENLY...

WHY, IT'S LOIS! CAN SHE BE CALLING FOR MY HELP? MAYBE THIS PRIMITIVE SETUP'S A LITTLE TOUGHER THAN SHE THOUGHT! AFTER ALL, THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE WAS A PRETTY UNUSUAL MAN!

SUPERMAN!



I GUESSED YOU'D BE WAITING AROUND IN CASE I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT WANTING HELP... BUT I DON'T! AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU CAN REMOVE THIS CABIN YOU BUILT FOR ME--
AT ONCE!



BUT... BUT I DIDN'T BUILD IT!

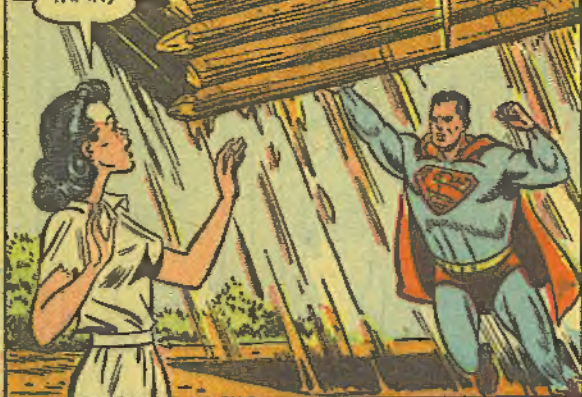
I'M NOT STUPID! WHO ELSE BUT YOU WOULD'VE ERECTED A CABIN ON THIS DESERTED ISLAND? ROBINSON CRUSOE BUILT HIS OWN SHELTER, AND SO WILL I! TAKE IT AWAY AT ONCE--OR I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

BUT, LOIS...



DON'T ARGUE... REMOVE IT! I REFUSE TO HAVE MY VICTORY SPOILED BECAUSE I WAS HELPED BY A MAN!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL REMOVE IT... BUT YOU'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE!



LATER, AS SUPERMAN DISMANTLES THE MYSTERIOUS CABIN ON HIS SIDE OF THE ISLAND...

BUT WHY *DID* ANYONE ERECT IT HERE? THERE ARE NO STUMPS ON THE ISLAND FROM WHICH THESE LOGS WERE CUT-- SO THEY MUST'VE BEEN *SHIPPED* HERE!



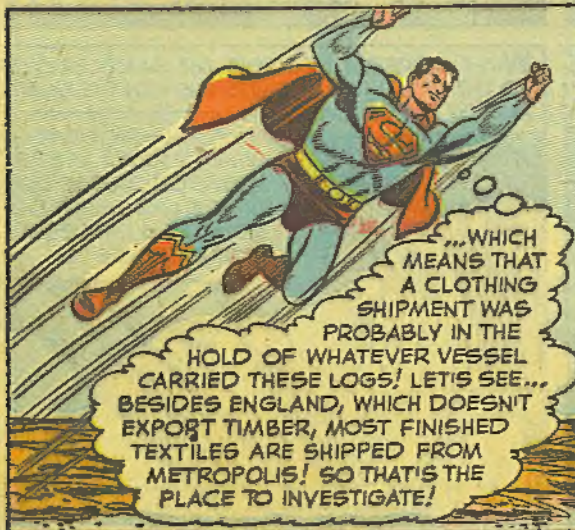
AND MY MICROSCOPIC VISION SHOWS THAT THESE SUPPORT POSTS HAVEN'T ABSORBED ENOUGH SOIL BACTERIA TO HAVE BEEN IN THE GROUND MORE THAN THREE DAYS! SO THE CABIN WAS RECENTLY BUILT... AND SOME OF THESE LOGS HAVE A FAINT ODOR OF MOTHBALLS...



SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE THE RECORD ROOM OF THE PORT OF METROPOLIS...

GOSH, THE RECORD CABINETS ARE *LEAD-LINED* FOR FIRE-PROTECTION... AND LEAD IS THE ONLY SUBSTANCE MY *X-RAY VISION* CAN'T PENETRATE! AND THOSE CUSTOMS GUARDS CAN'T SHOW ME THE RECORDS WITHOUT OFFICIAL PERMISSION, WHICH WOULD TAKE DAYS TO GET...

...WHICH MEANS THAT A CLOTHING SHIPMENT WAS PROBABLY IN THE HOLD OF WHATEVER VESSEL CARRIED THESE LOGS! LET'S SEE... BESIDES ENGLAND, WHICH DOESN'T EXPORT TIMBER, MOST FINISHED TEXTILES ARE SHIPPED FROM METROPOLIS! SO THAT'S THE PLACE TO INVESTIGATE!



IMMEDIATELY, SUPERMAN SOLVES THE PROBLEM WITH SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM!

HURRY UP -- JIMMY THOSE FILES OPEN!

HUH? DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S INSIDE!



FUNNY--THERE'S NOBODY HERE AT ALL! WAS I HEARING THINGS? BETTER OPEN THE VAULT AND MAKE SURE!

EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY...



HIS X-RAY VISION NO LONGER IMPEDED, SUPERMAN SCANS ALL THE RECORDS IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, AND...

HMM...THE ONLY SHIP CARRYING BOTH LOGS AND CLOTHING DURING THE PAST FEW DAYS WAS THE *EXETER*, HIRED BY A HARRY REED... WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW REED... HE'S A *NOTORIOUS GAMBLER!*



AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN UPTOWN APARTMENT...

YEAR... I HAD THE CABIN DELIVERED THERE THREE DAYS AGO--AND TONIGHT, PRESERVED FOODS AND VITAMINS WILL BE DROPPED ON THE BEACH, FOR LOIS LANE TO FIND!

BUT, REED... WHAT IF SHE TURNS DOWN ALL THAT ILLEGAL HELP? SUPPOSE SHE *WANTS* TO WIN THE CONTEST FAIRLY?



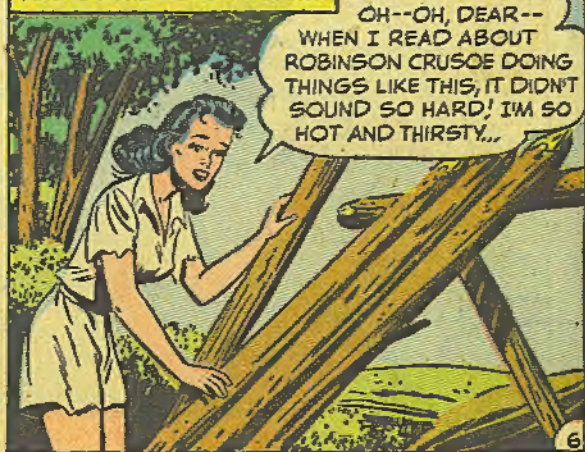
LISTEN--I GOT FIVE SISTERS, AND I KNOW WOMEN! THEY'RE FAIR ENOUGH EXCEPT WHEN IT COMES TO A CONTEST WITH A MAN! THOSE HUGE BETS WE PLACED ON LOIS LANE ARE A SURE THING! I--HUH??

NOT ANY MORE, THEY AREN'T, REED!



WHILE SUPERMAN TURNS THE GAMBLER OVER TO THE LAW, LOIS REMAINS BUSY ON THE ISLAND... AND BY THE SECOND DAY...

OH--OH, DEAR-- WHEN I READ ABOUT ROBINSON CRUSOE DOING THINGS LIKE THIS, IT DIDN'T SOUND SO HARD! I'M SO HOT AND THIRSTY...





AND SO IT HAPPENS THAT LOIS WITNESSES AN ASTONISHING SIGHT!

OH! IT'S CLARK--
AND SUDDENLY--
PRESTO--
SUPERMAN!
WHY--WHY--THEN
**CLARK IS
SUPERMAN!**

YES, LOIS HAS SEEN IT WITH HER OWN EYES! DOES THIS MARK THE END OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SECRET?

UNAWARE OF HIS NEW FLIGHT, **SUPERMAN** HASTENS TO THE STRICKEN SHIP...

HELP!

GREAT SCOTT!
A CARGO OF **WILD
ANIMALS!** THEY'VE BRO-
KEN LOOSE AND ARE
SCAMPERING FOR SHORE!
BUT FIRST, I MUST SAVE THE
MEN ON BOARD!

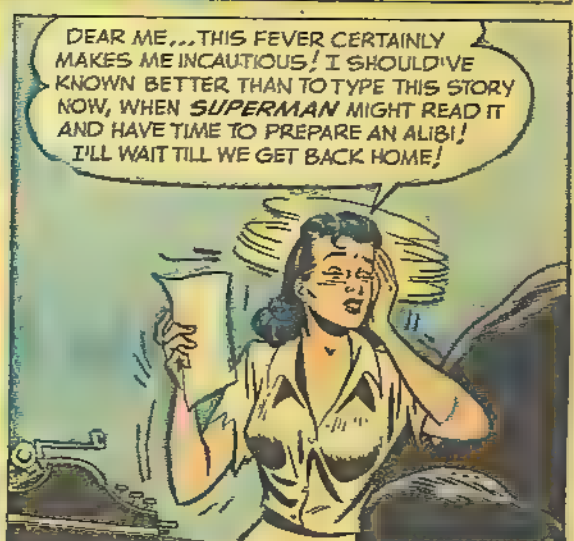
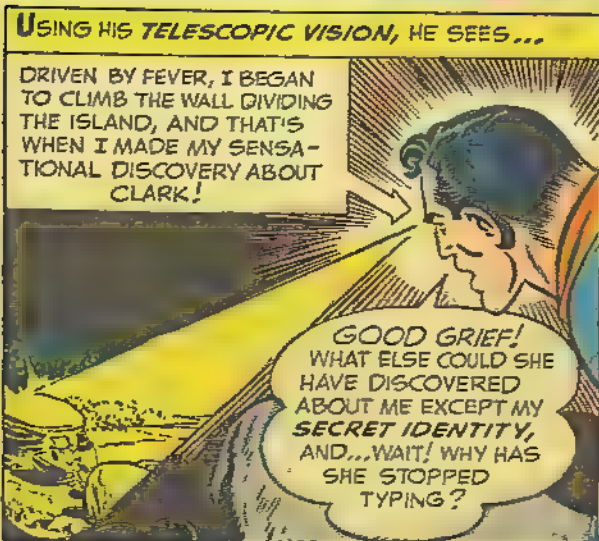
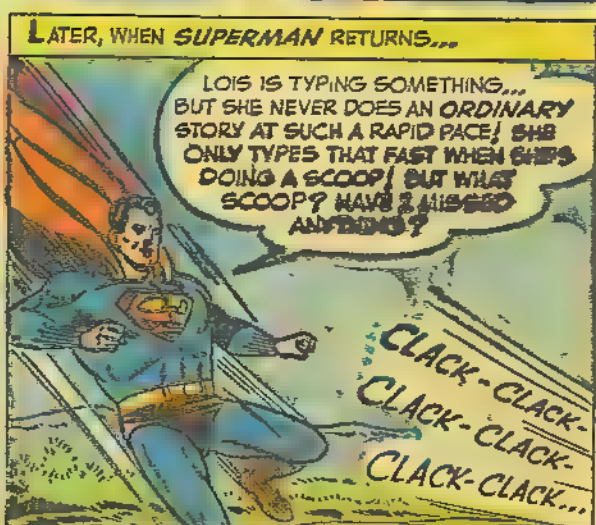
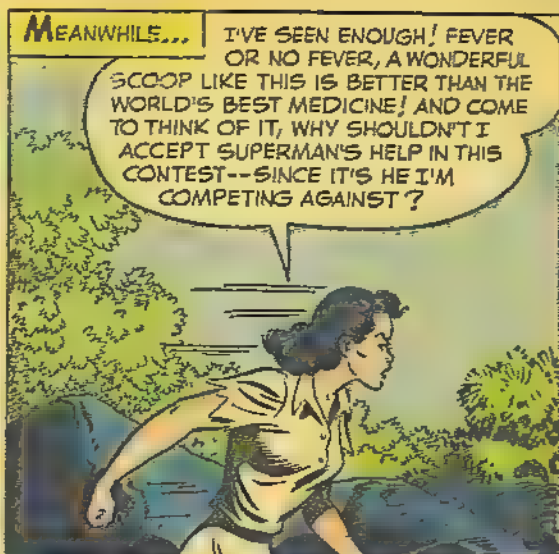
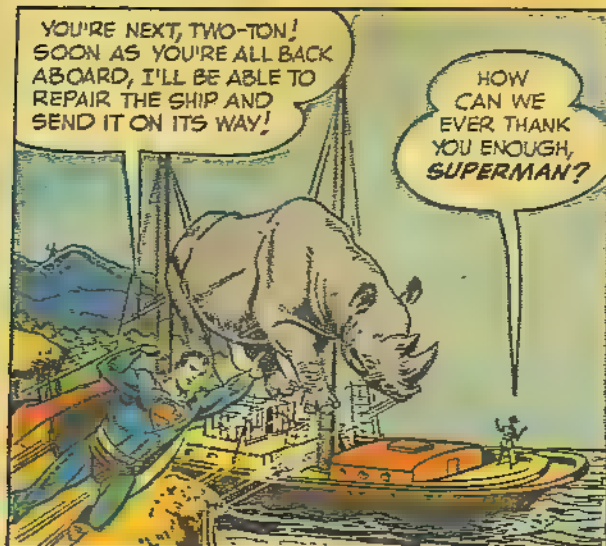
SUPERMAN!
HOORAY!...
WE'RE
SAVED!

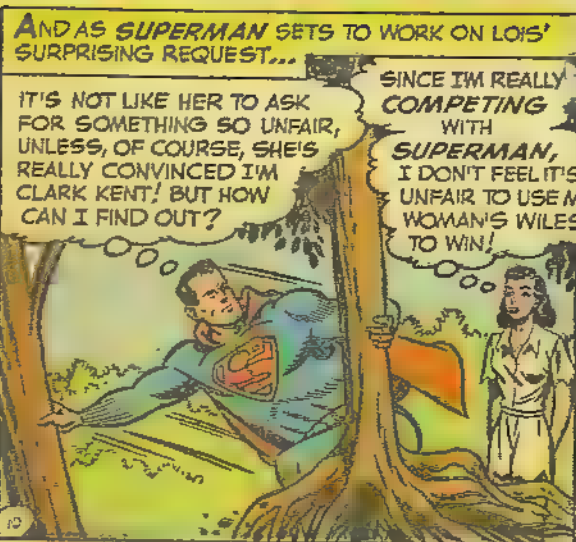
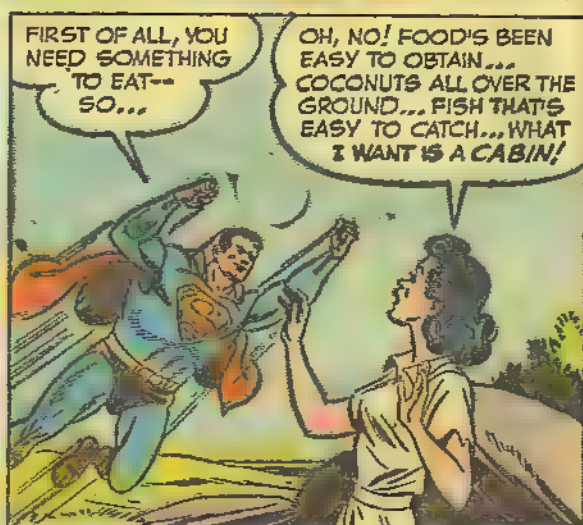
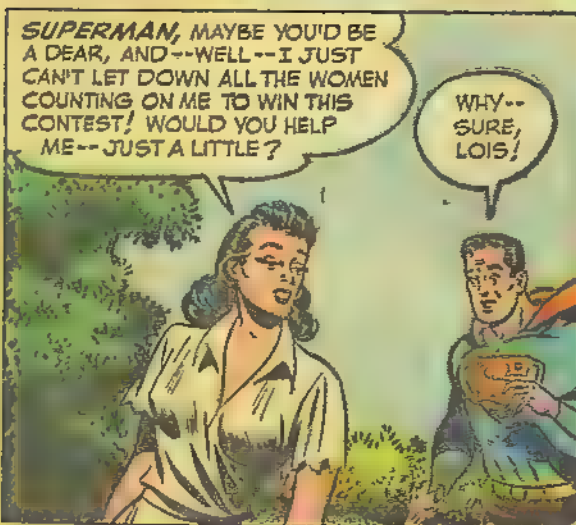
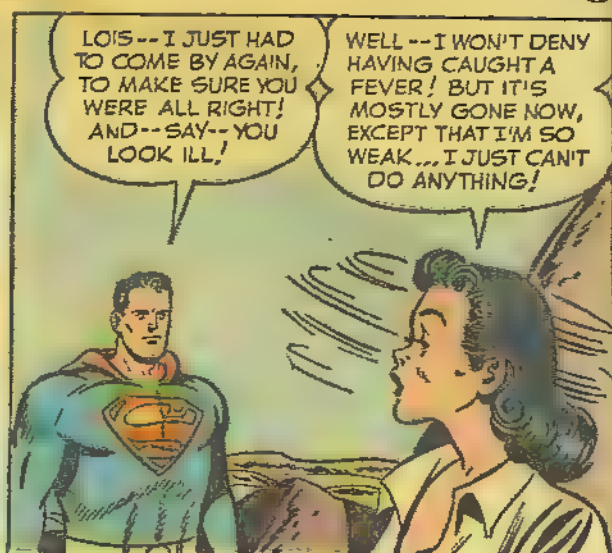
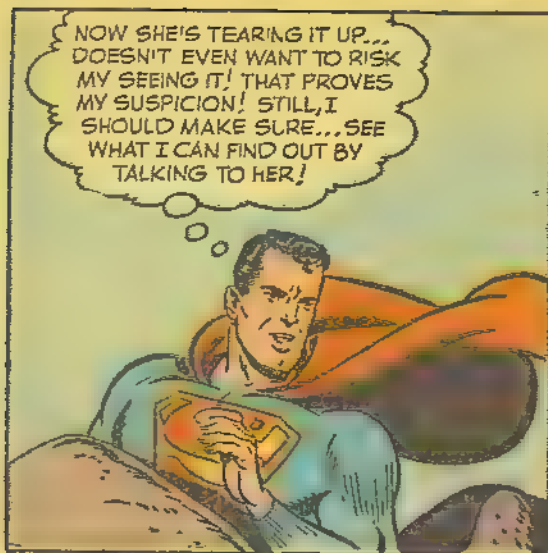
HOLD TIGHT!
I'LL PULL YOUR
SHIP OVER TO
THE BEACH, WHERE
I CAN REPAIR IT! THEN,
I'LL ROUND UP YOUR
ANIMALS!

AFTER SAFELY DEPOSITING THE VESSEL...

WHOA THERE, YOU
COLLAR-SALESMAN'S
NIGHTMARE! OH-OH...
LOOKS LIKE THAT LION
WANTS TO PLAY
PIGGY-BACK!

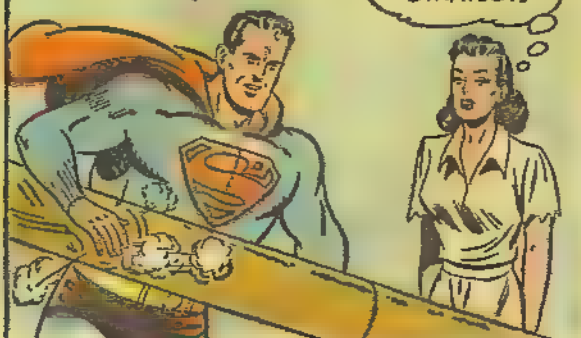
BUT I'VE NO TIME FOR
GAMES RIGHT NOW!
COME ON, LEO--BACK
TO YOUR NICE, COZY
CAGE!





NOW, I'LL BAKE THEM HARD, WITH **SUPER-SPEED FRICTION**, AND RUN THEM FROM THE BROOK TO THE CABIN!

HE THINKS I'LL BE DISQUALIFIED, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE HE JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FEMININE STRATEGY!



FINALLY, SOME BEAUTIFYING TOUCHES...

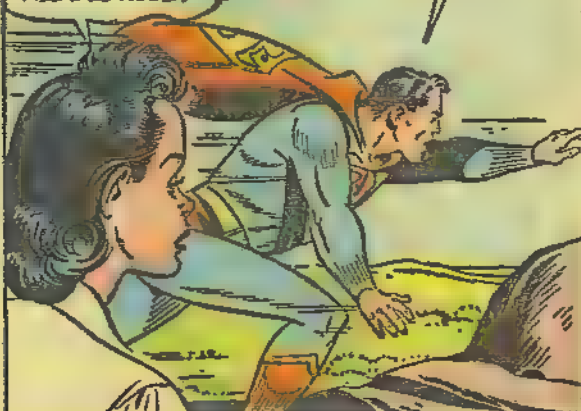
THIS PAINT, MADE OF CRUSHED RED SANDSTONE AND OIL SQUEEZED FROM ISLAND SHALE, DOES A NEAT JOB! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHAT SHE REALLY KNOWS!

THAT'S GREAT, **SUPERMAN!** NOW I'M SURE TO WIN!

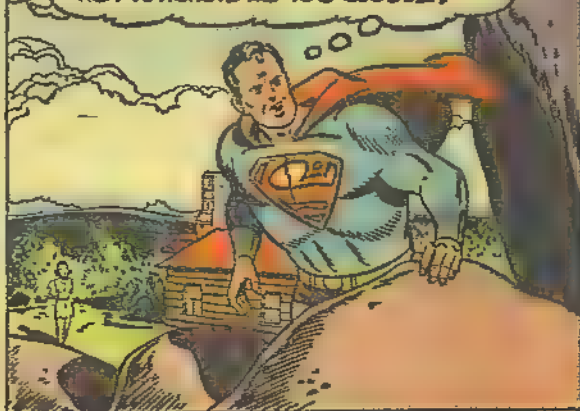


SO YOU CAN GO NOW! AS FOR MY FEVER, A COUPLE OF DAYS' REST IN MY COMFORTABLE NEW HOUSE WILL BE ALL I'LL NEED!

OKAY, LOIS --I'LL ER... GO SEE HOW CLARK'S MAKING OUT!



IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY OF FINDING OUT... HOLD IT! THAT FEVER OF HERS -- THAT'S THE ANSWER! SURE... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? I'LL GET STARTED AS SOON AS SHE'S NOT WATCHING ME TOO CLOSELY!

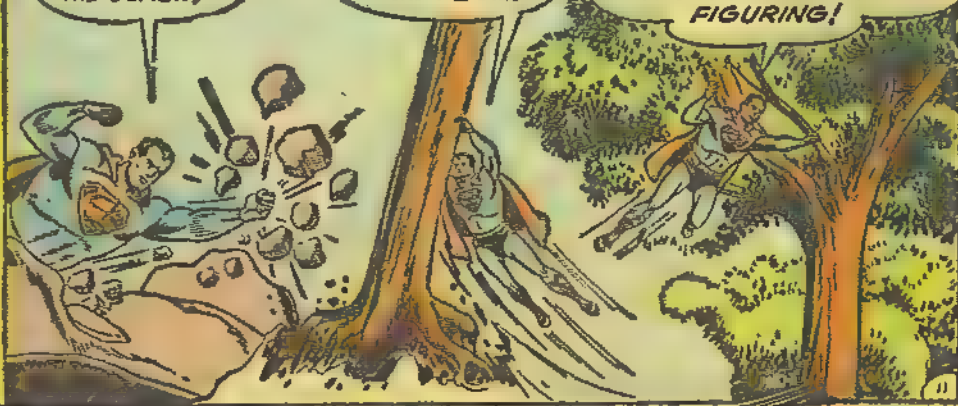


WHAT IS THE **MAN OF STEEL** PLANNING? IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW-- WHILE LOIS CONVALESCES-- AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE ON HIS HALF OF THE ISLAND...

FIRST, I'LL RESHAPE THESE JUTTING REEFS ALONG THE BEACH!

UPROOTING THESE GIANT TREES IS THE EASIEST PART OF MY PLAN...

...BUT TRANSPLANTING THEM AND TRIMMING THEM INTO PROPER SHAPE WILL REQUIRE **PERFECT MATHEMATICAL FIGURING!**



AND ON THE FINAL MORNING, AS A HEALTHY AND RESTED LOIS GOES STEALTHILY TOWARD THE DIVIDING WALL...

NOW TO SEE IF **SUPERMAN'S** DONE ANY BUILDING FOR HIMSELF! I DOUBT IT, THOUGH... HE'S PROBABLY COUNTING ON MY BEING DISQUALIFIED!



BUT WHEN SHE PEERS OVER...

OH! THOSE ROCKS LOOK JUST LIKE A SHIP FROM HERE! AND THOSE TREES... THEY'RE SHAPED LIKE ANIMALS! WERE THEY WHAT I **REALLY** SAW THAT DAY? AFTER ALL, I **WAS** PRETTY DELIRIOUS...*GULPE* I TH-THINK I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!



PRESENTLY, THE JUDGES' SHIP ARRIVES, AND...

MISS LANE, YOU OBVIOUSLY RECEIVED **HELP** ON YOUR SIDE OF THE ISLAND! THEREFORE, WE CAN'T POSSIBLY DECLARE YOU THE WINNER!

WAIT... I ADMIT GETTING HELP FROM **SUPERMAN**, BUT...



...THAT ACTUALLY **PROVES** WOMEN'S SUPERIORITY! DON'T YOU SEE?... WOMEN'S STRENGTH HAS LAIN IN THEIR ABILITY TO GET **MEN** TO **HELP** THEM!

HA, HA... SHE'S GOT A GOOD POINT THERE! WHY, I CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES NOW!



AND SO LATER, IN THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

I MUST ADMIT, YOU WON CLEVERLY, LOIS!

FRANKLY, IT WAS MY FEVER THAT DID THE TRICK, BECAUSE IT MADE ME THINK I SAW YOU CHANGE TO **SUPERMAN** AND RESCUE A SHIPFUL OF ANIMALS!



BUT LATER, I REALIZED IT WAS ALL A DELIRIOUS HALLUCINATION, CAUSED BY THE SILHOUETTES OF ROCKS AND TREES THAT **LOOKED** LIKE A SHIP AND ANIMALS! BUT THANKS TO THE HALLUCINATION, I LET MYSELF ACCEPT **SUPERMAN'S** HELP!

HA, HA... ME AS **SUPERMAN**! THAT MUST'VE BEEN SOME FEVER!



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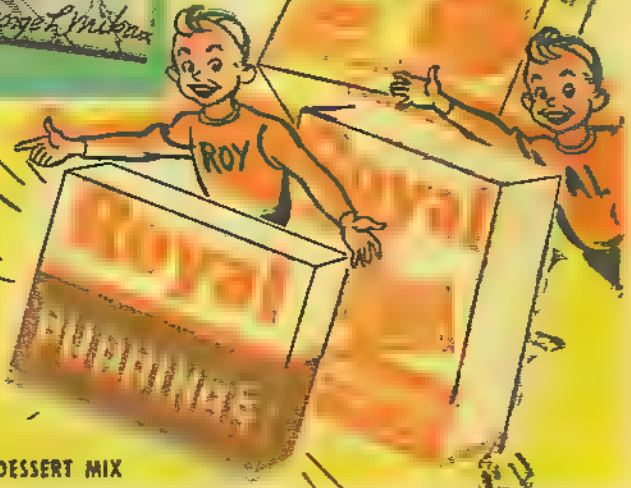


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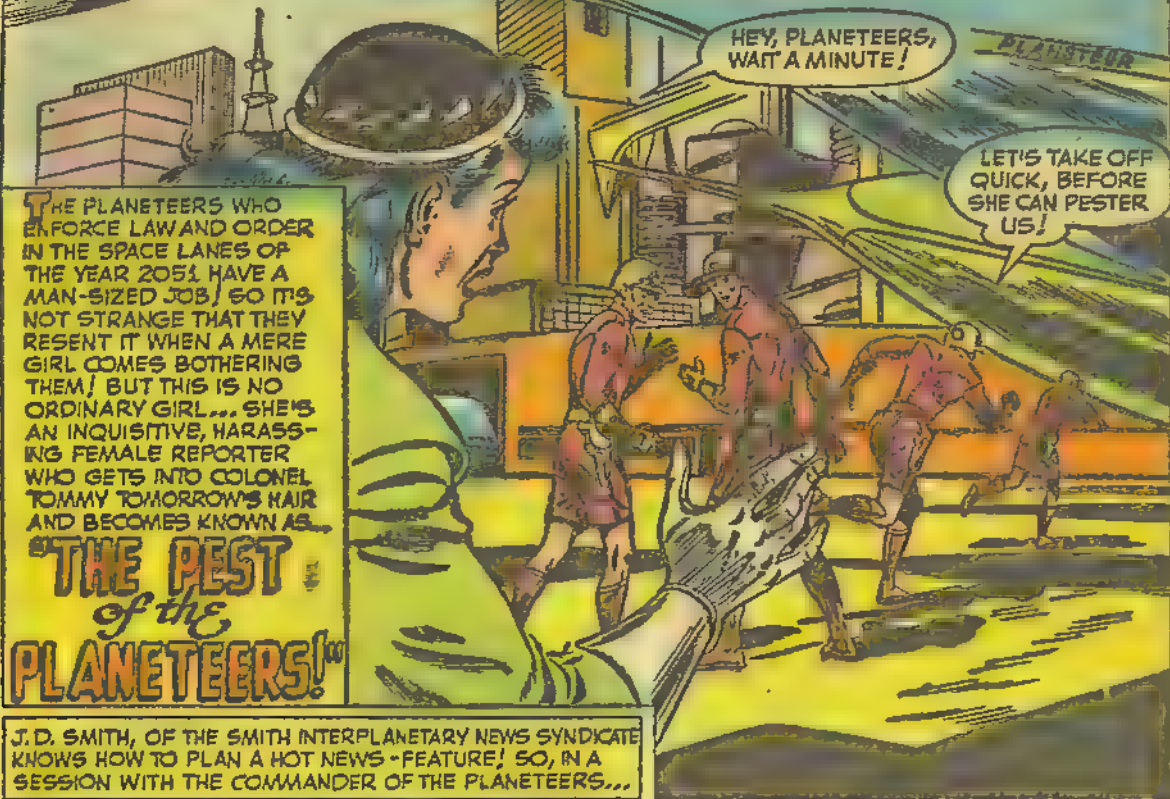
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THE PLANETEERS WHO ENFORCE LAW AND ORDER IN THE SPACE LANES OF THE YEAR 2051 HAVE A MAN-SIZED JOB, SO IT'S NOT STRANGE THAT THEY RESENT IT WHEN A MERE GIRL COMES BOTHERING THEM! BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY GIRL... SHE'S AN INQUISITIVE, HARASSING FEMALE REPORTER WHO GETS INTO COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW'S HAIR AND BECOMES KNOWN AS...

"THE PEST of the PLANETEERS!"

J.D. SMITH, OF THE SMITH INTERPLANETARY NEWS SYNDICATE KNOWS HOW TO PLAN A HOT NEWS-FEATURE! SO, IN A SESSION WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE PLANETEERS...

YOUR PLANETEERS RISK THEIR LIVES EVERY DAY, YET OUR READERS KNOW LITTLE ABOUT THEM! I WANT ONE OF OUR REPORTERS TO RIDE SPACE WITH THEM AND WRITE A SERIES ABOUT THEIR ACTIVITIES!

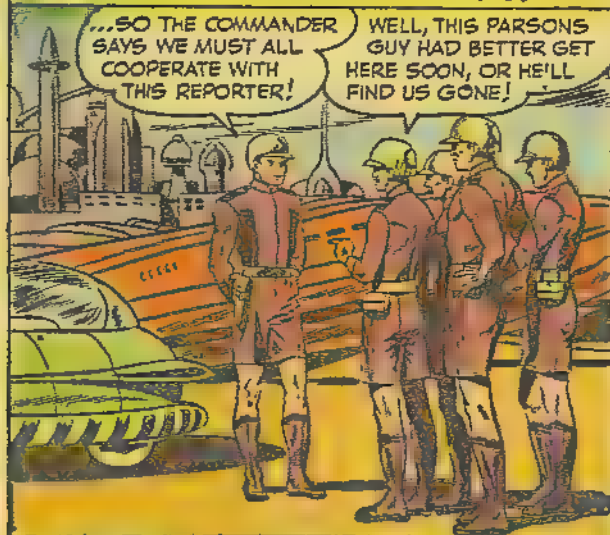
GOOD! MY LADS DESERVE A LITTLE APPLAUSE!

PAT PARSONS IS OUR TOP REPORTER, AND WILL WRITE A WONDERFUL SERIES!

VERY WELL, I'LL WRITE OUT A PRESS PASS SO THAT PARSONS CAN ENTER ANY PLANETEER SHIP OR STATION!



NEXT DAY, AT THE NEW YORK PLANETEER SPACEPORT, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS COMRADES PREPARE TO START ON THEIR REGULAR PATROLS!



...SO THE COMMANDER SAYS WE MUST ALL COOPERATE WITH THIS REPORTER!

WELL, THIS PARSONS GUY HAD BETTER GET HERE SOON, OR HE'LL FIND US GONE!

ROCKETS ROAR AS SHIPS ARE WARMED UP FOR TAKE-OFF! THEN, AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...



SORRY, MISS, BUT NO SIGHTSEERS ARE ALLOWED IN A PLANETEER STATION!

SIGHTSEER? I'VE GOT FULL PERMISSION TO BE HERE! LOOK AT THIS PRESS CARD!



THIS PARSONS GUY IS A GIRL REPORTER!

A GIRL, RIDING THE PLANETEER SHIPS? OH, NO!

AND WHY NOT?

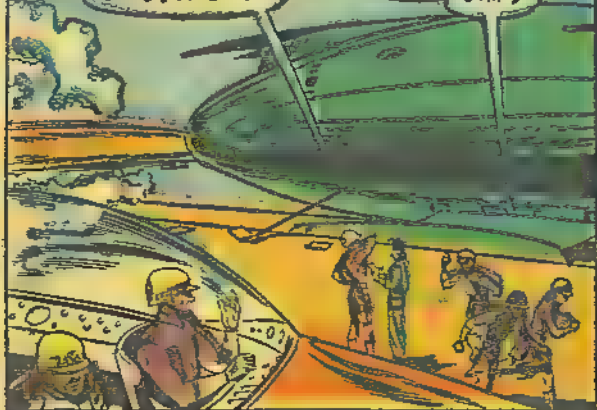
LISTEN, MISS, PLANETEER CRUISERS AREN'T PLEASURE LINERS! YOU'LL FIND IT TOUGH GOING! WHY DON'T YOU JUST LOOK UP THE RECORDS AT HEADQUARTERS AND WRITE A STORY FROM THEM?

NOTHING DOING! I LIKE TO SEE WHAT I WRITE ABOUT! NOW I WANT TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS!

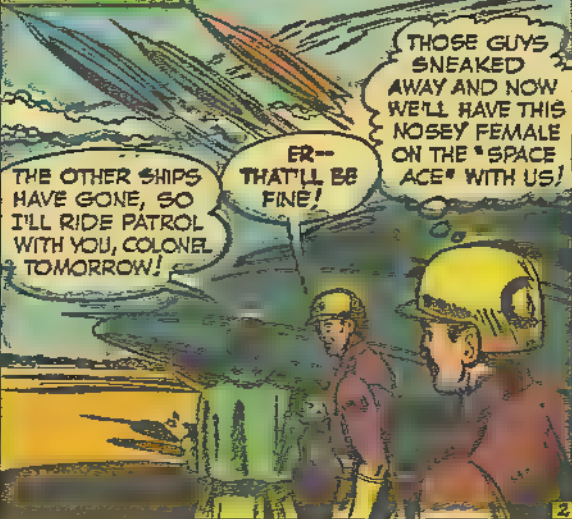


THE ROCKET-TUBES HAVE TO BE WARMED UP GRADUALLY BECAUSE THEY'D BURST IF FULL POWER WAS TURNED INTO THEM WHEN THEY'RE COLD! AND...

THAT GAL ASKS A MILLION QUESTIONS! LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE SHE DECIDES TO RIDE IN OUR SHIP!



PRESENTLY...



THE OTHER SHIPS HAVE GONE, SO I'LL RIDE PATROL WITH YOU, COLONEL TOMORROW!

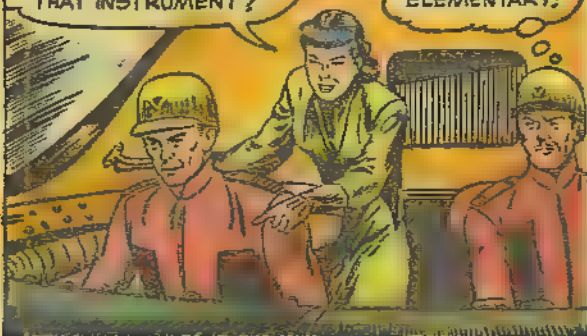
ER-- THAT'LL BE FINE!

THOSE GUYS SNEAKED AWAY AND NOW WE'LL HAVE THIS NOSEY FEMALE ON THE "SPACE ACE" WITH US!

AN UNHAPPY TOMMY TOMORROW AND BRENT WOOD TAKE OFF ON PATROL, WITH A FEMALE QUESTION-MACHINE!

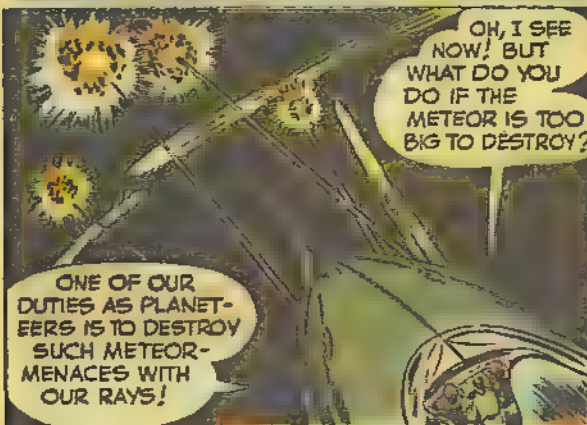
MY FIRST ARTICLE WILL BE "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PLANETEER"! NOW TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU STUDYING THAT INSTRUMENT?

QUESTIONS--QUESTIONS--QUESTIONS! AND ALL OF THEM SO ELEMENTARY!



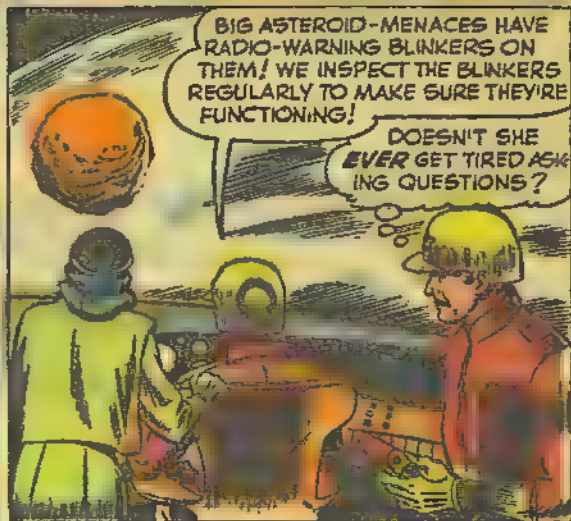
THAT'S A METEOROMETER-- IT SHOWS METEORS NEARBY THAT WOUL'D MENACE SPACE-NAVIGATION! WE'RE GOING TOWARD THEM!

WHY? WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOU FIND THEM?



OH, I SEE NOW! BUT WHAT DO YOU DO IF THE METEOR IS TOO BIG TO DESTROY?

ONE OF OUR DUTIES AS PLANETEERS IS TO DESTROY SUCH METEOR-MENACES WITH OUR RAYS!



BIG ASTEROID-MENACES HAVE RADIO-WARNING BLINKERS ON THEM! WE INSPECT THE BLINKERS REGULARLY TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE FUNCTIONING!

DOESN'T SHE EVER GET TIRED ASKING QUESTIONS?



THE CHARGED FENCE KEEPS OUT THE SILICATE ASTEROID-BEASTS WHO WOULD DESTROY THE BLINKER-- BUT LOOK, A LANDSHIP HAS BROKEN IT! THEY'RE GETTING INSIDE!

I'LL REPAIR THE FENCE IF YOU HOLD 'EM OUT!



YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING AT THEM WHY DO THEY RECOIL?

THEY'RE AFRAID OF LIGHT! BUT PLEASE, MISS PARSONS, GO BACK TO THE SHIP--PLEASE..

WITH THE FENCE REPAIRED, THE "SPACE ACE" TAKES OFF TO RESUME PATROL!

TOMMY, I'M GETTING DIZZY FROM ALL THOSE QUESTIONS! CAN'T WE FIND SOME WAY TO SHIFT HER OFF ON SOME OTHER PLANETEERS?

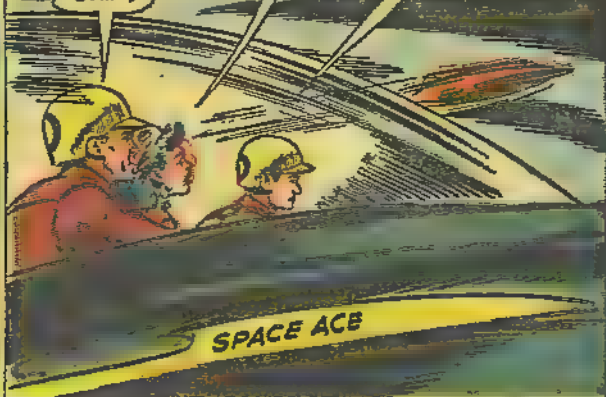
NOT NOW-- THERE'S A SPEEDER WE'VE GOT TO CATCH!



PLEASE DON'T ASK QUESTIONS RIGHT NOW--I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE ON CATCHING THAT SHIP!

BUT WHY?

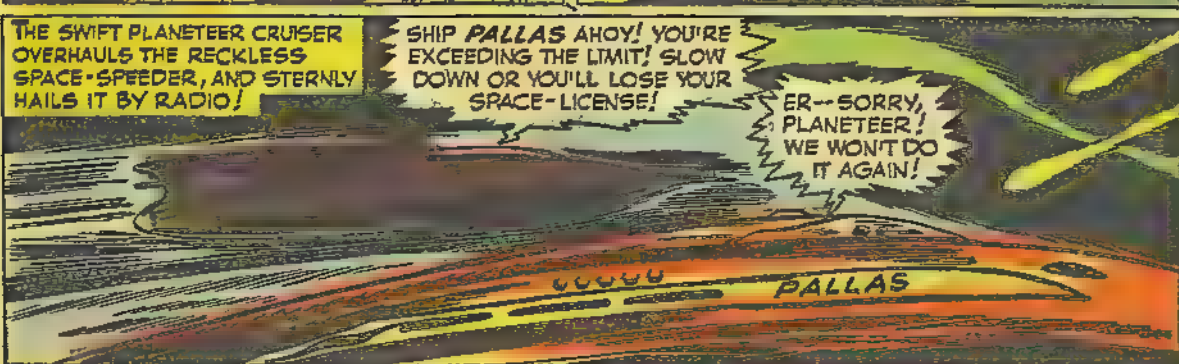
SPACE-SHIPS ARE LIMITED TO CERTAIN SPEEDS IN DANGER-ZONES--THAT ONE'S EXCEEDING THE LIMIT!



THE SWIFT PLANETEER CRUISER OVERHAULS THE RECKLESS SPACE-SPEEDER, AND STERNLY HAILS IT BY RADIO!

SHIP PALLAS AHOY! YOU'RE EXCEEDING THE LIMIT! SLOW DOWN OR YOU'LL LOSE YOUR SPACE-LICENSE!

ER--SORRY, PLANETEER! WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN!



BUT THE DAYS WORK OF A PLANETEER IS NOT YET DONE! TOMMY TOMORROW MUST STILL ANSWER THE COMPLAINTS OF HUMANOID NATIVES ON LITTLE WORLDS...

THIS EARTHMAN WANTED TO TAKE OUR SACRED STATUES!

THE LAW FORBIDS YOU TO INTERFERE WITH PLANETARY NATIVES!

WHY?



THE PLANETEERS MUST ALSO CHECK THE BIG RADIUM MINES ON THE MOON, TO MAKE SURE ALL IS PEACEFUL...

NO, NO, TROUBLE WITH RADIUM PIRATES LATELY, COLONEL TOMORROW!

HOW LONG HAS THIS MINE BEEN OPERATING? HOW DO THEY DIG THE ORE? AND HOW...?



ANOTHER CHORE IS THE HELPING OUT OF DISABLED SHIPS!

WE'LL TOW THEM BACK TO EARTH WITH THE MAGNETIC BEAM!

HOW DOES THE MAGNETIC TOW-BEAM WORK, COLONEL TOMORROW?

BUT EVEN WHEN PATROL IS ENDED AND REPORTS ARE MADE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER, PAT'S QUESTIONS DO NOT CEASE!



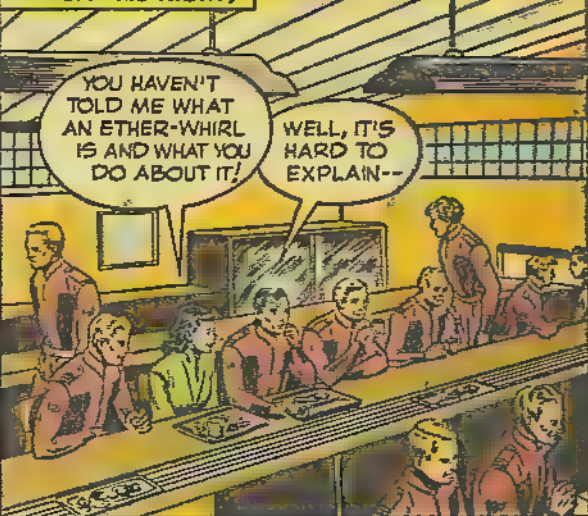
section

...AND WE REPAIRED ASTEROID 116 BLINKER!

OUR FLIGHT SPOTTED AN ETHER-WHIRL OFF VENUS, AND--

WHAT'S AN ETHER-WHIRL?

HARASSED PLANETEERS DO NOT ENJOY THEIR DINNER THIS NIGHT!



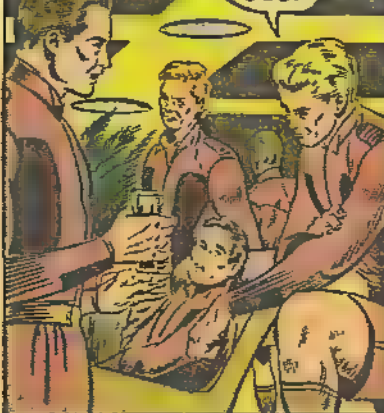
YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT AN ETHER-WHIRL IS AND WHAT YOU DO ABOUT IT!

WELL, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN--

LATER, WHEN THEY CAN STAND NO MORE...

I CAN'T STAND THAT DAME'S PESTERING ANYMORE! LET'S PETITION THE COMMANDER TO TAKE HER OUT OF OUR HAIR!

SHE BOTHERS ME, TOO, BUT IF WE DO THAT, SHE MIGHT LOSE HER JOB!



IF YOU FEEL SO SOFT-HEARTED ABOUT IT, THEN LET HER PESTER YOU! YOU CAN KEEP TAKING HER OUT IN THE "SPACE ACE"!

NO! NOT AGAIN!

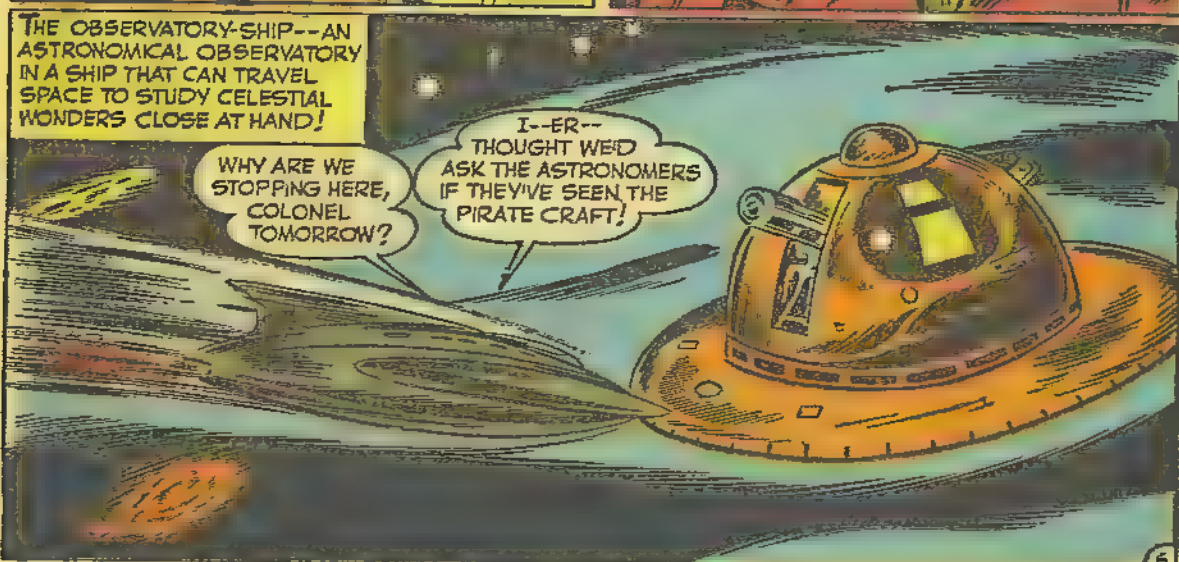
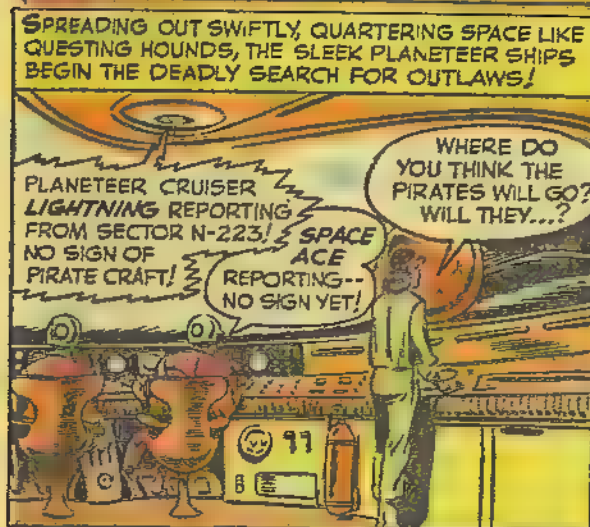
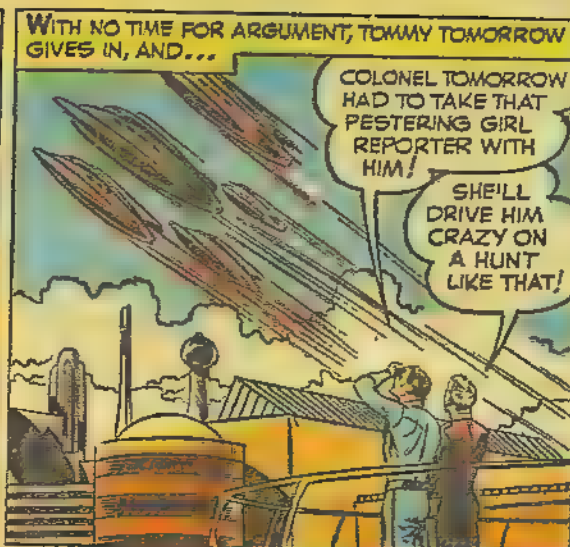
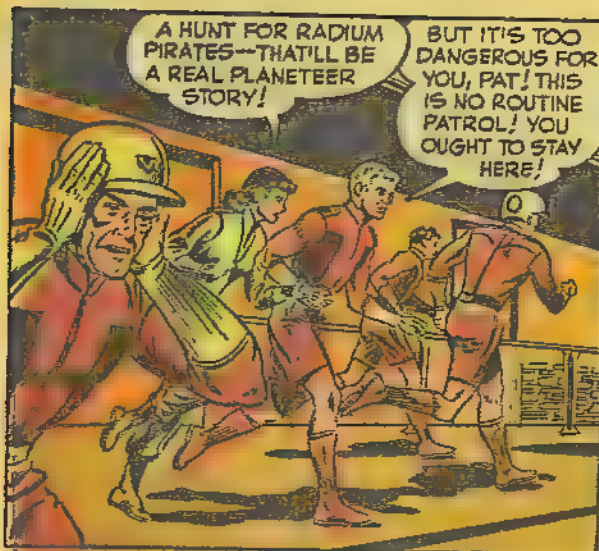
I GUESS I LET MYSELF IN FOR IT--ALL RIGHT!



DISCUSSION IS ABRUPTLY ENDED BY THE SIGNAL THAT A PLANETEER ALWAYS JUMPS FOR--EMERGENCY CALL!

RADIUM PIRATES HAVE RAIDED THE MOON MINES AND ESCAPED INTO SPACE! CALLING ALL PLANETEERS! MAN YOUR SHIPS!





BUT AS THEY ENTER THE OBSERVATORY-SHIP, A STAGGERING SURPRISE AWAITS THEM!

THE RADILM PIRATES!

YES, WE FIGURED NO ONE WOULD LOOK FOR US HERE, SO WE TOOK OVER THE OBSERVATORY-SHIP! BUT SINCE YOU HAVE BARGED IN...

...WE'LL USE **YOUR** PLANETEER SHIP TO SLIP THROUGH THE SEARCH-NET AND GET AWAY! TIE THEM UP, MEN!

THEY'VE GOT US COVERED-- IF WE START ANYTHING, PAT WILL GET HURT!

SINCE YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE GIRL'S SAFETY, WE'LL TAKE HER ALONG AS HOSTAGE IN CASE WE MEET OTHER PLANETEERS!

AND WE'LL SET THIS SHIP'S COURSE SO THAT A NEARBY COMET WILL TAKE CARE OF IT AND YOU!

PRESENTLY, IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE "SPACE ACE"...

THE OBSERVATORY-SHIP WILL BE HIT BY THAT COMET SOON-- WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

I'VE GOT TO PREVENT THAT! LET'S SEE, WHAT DID COLONEL TOMORROW TELL ME...?

AS FATEFUL MOMENTS SPEED AWAY!

THE CONCENTRATED BEAM OF THIS SMALL **SOLAR** TELESCOPE SHOULD BURN THROUGH MY BONDS SOON!

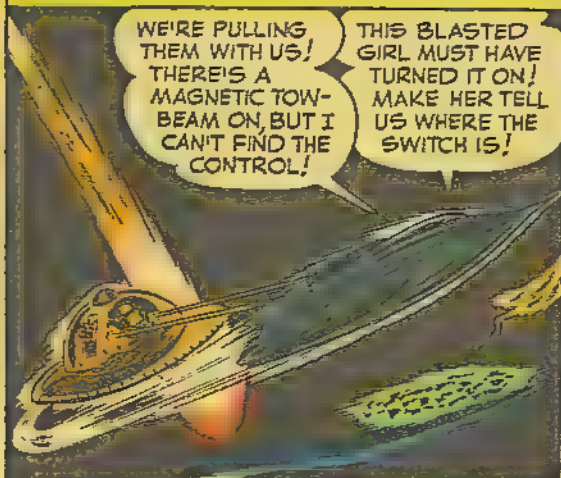
IT'LL BE TOO LATE--THAT COMET WILL HIT US IN A FEW MINUTES!

BUT AS THE PIRATE-MANNED "SPACE ACE" STARTS AWAY...

WE'LL LEAVE 'EM FOR THE COMET TO DESTROY!

THIS WAS THE SWITCH HE USED TO TURN ON THE MAGNETIC TOW-BEAM!

THUS IT IS THAT THE "SPACE ACE", AS IT STARTS, TOWS THE OBSERVATORY-SHIP OUT OF DANGER!



WE'RE PULLING THEM WITH US! THERE'S A MAGNETIC TOW-BEAM ON, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE CONTROL!

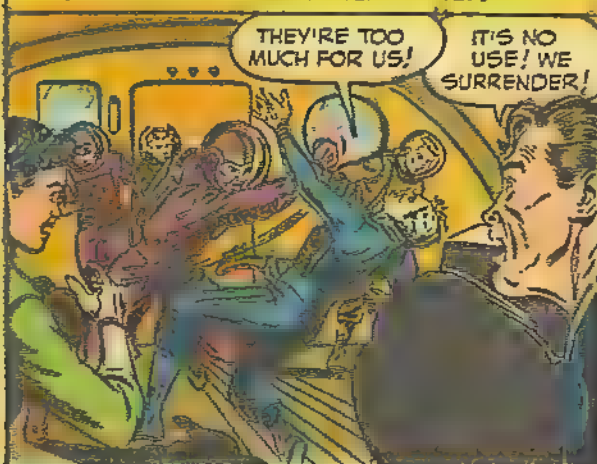
THIS BLASTED GIRL MUST HAVE TURNED IT ON! MAKE HER TELL US WHERE THE SWITCH IS!

BUT TOMMY TOMORROW IS FREE OF HIS BONDS NOW, AND PLANETEERS AND CREWMEN OF THE OBSERVATORY SHIP ACT SWIFTLY!



THE BEAM WILL PULL US RIGHT TO THE "SPACE ACE" FAST--AND WE CAN GET IN THROUGH THE EMERGENCY AIR-LOCK!

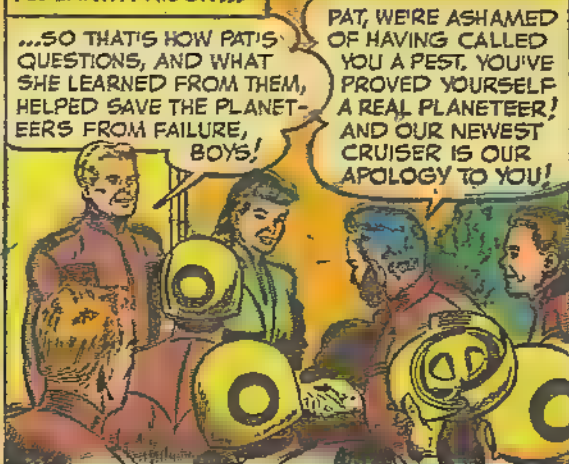
AGAINST PLANETEERS BATTLING TO RECOVER THEIR SHIP, THE PIRATES HAVE LITTLE CHANCE!



THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US!

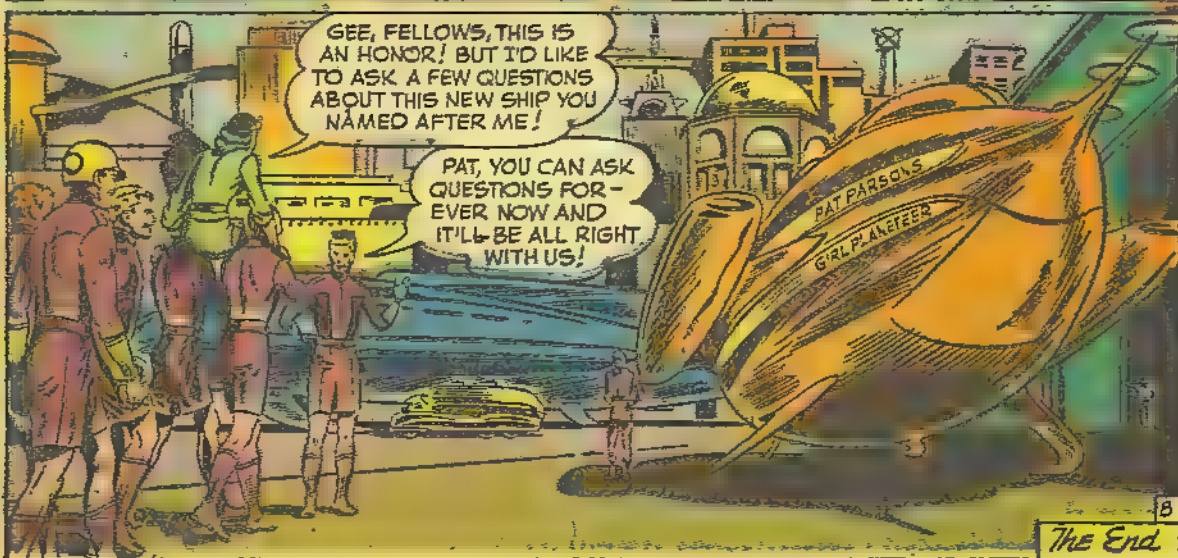
IT'S NO USE! WE SURRENDER!

LATER, WHEN CAPTURED PIRATES ARE SAFE IN AN EARTH PRISON...



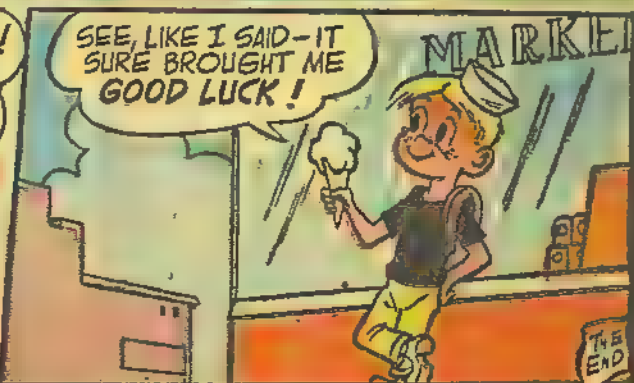
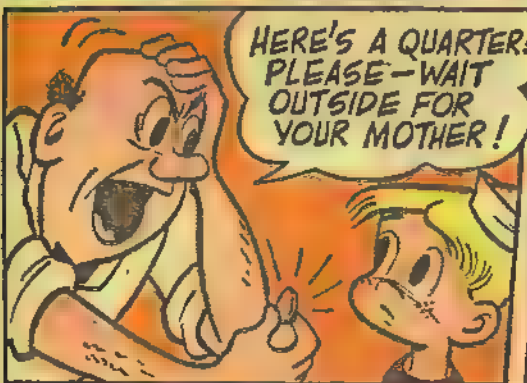
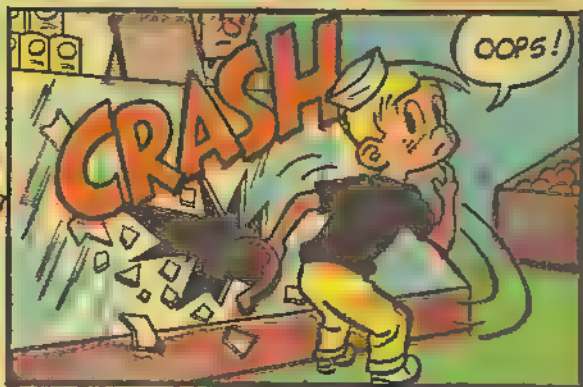
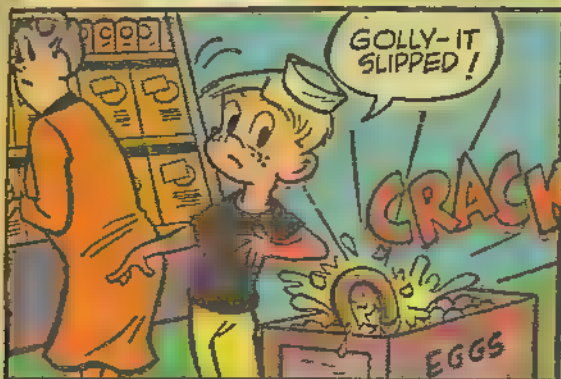
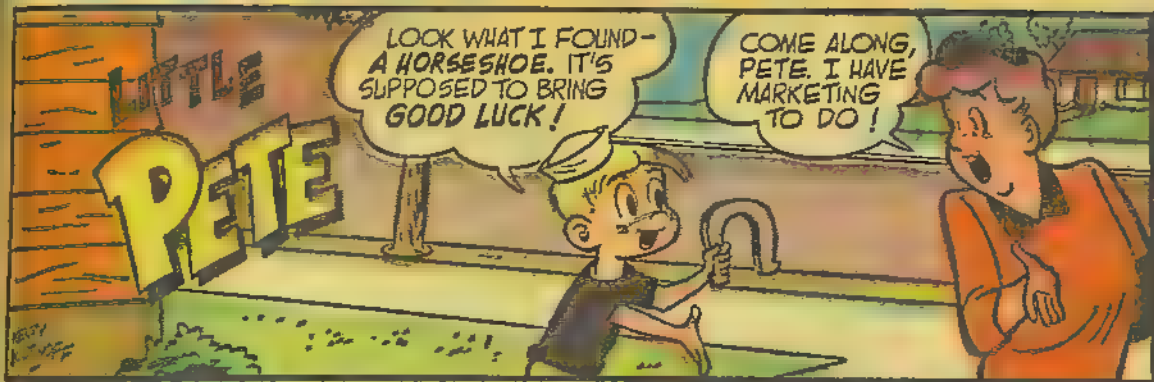
...SO THAT'S HOW PAT'S QUESTIONS, AND WHAT SHE LEARNED FROM THEM, HELPED SAVE THE PLANETEERS FROM FAILURE, BOYS!

PAT, WE'RE ASHAMED OF HAVING CALLED YOU A PEST. YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF A REAL PLANETEER! AND OUR NEWEST CRUISER IS OUR APOLOGY TO YOU!



GEE, FELLOWS, THIS IS AN HONOR! BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS NEW SHIP YOU NAMED AFTER ME!

PAT, YOU CAN ASK QUESTIONS FOR- EVER NOW AND IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT WITH US!



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Be KING of the ROAD with this GREAT BIKE!

HERE'S A GREAT new bicycle with all the latest up-to-the-minute features—all the gleaming chrome—all the speed and flash you could want!

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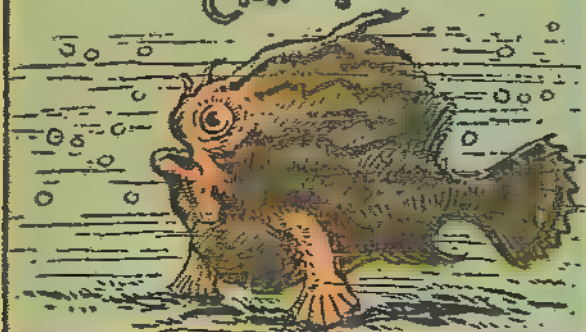
Address



SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR
SUPER MOTORBIKE

QUICK QUIZ

ARE THERE ANY FISHES
THAT **CAN'T** SWIM?



YES! THE ANTENNARIUS HISPIDUS FISH IS ONLY ABLE TO WALK!

HOW LARGE ARE SUNSPOTS?



THE SMALLEST IS 300 MILES IN DIAMETER.... THE LARGEST... 60,000 MILES!

IS MONDAY.....THE FIRST
DAY OF THE WEEK?



NO!...SUNDAY...IS, ACCORDING TO OUR PRESENT CALENDAR!

WHAT COLOR ARE WHITE
BLACKBERRIES WHEN THEY
ARE GREEN?



WHITE BLACKBERRIES ARE RED WHEN THEY ARE STILL GREEN!

H.T. ELMO

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S

SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

VW DUW RII VLJKW

DQG PDNH WKH

QHZ BH DU EULJKW

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

MARCH

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

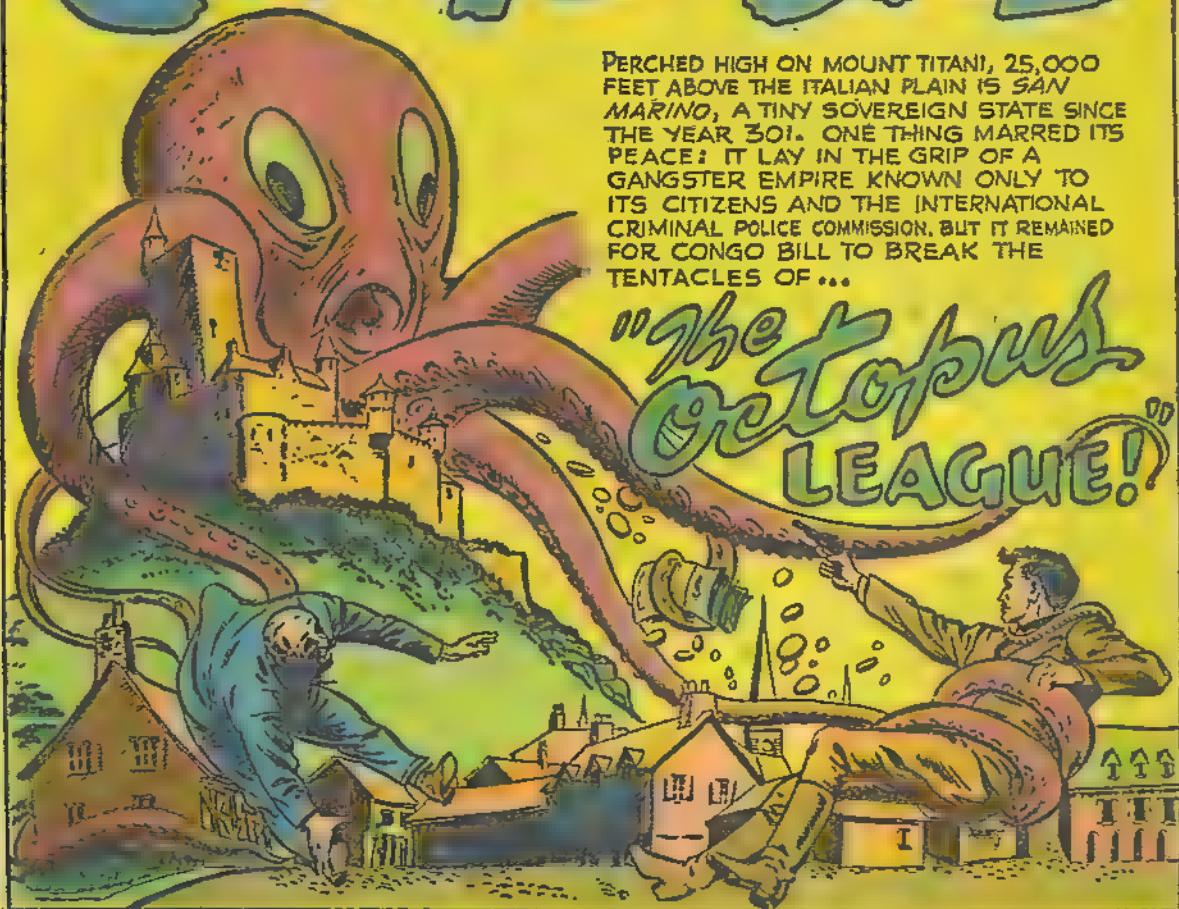
STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

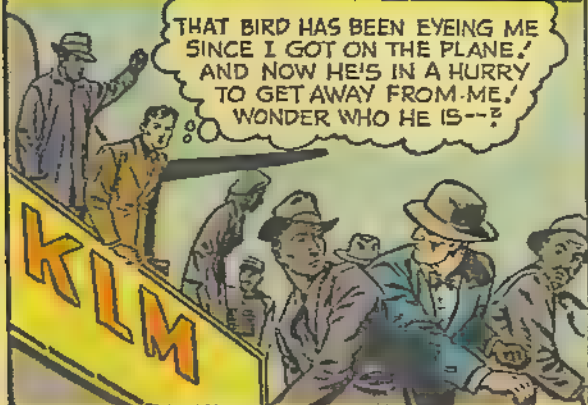
CONGO BILL

PERCHED HIGH ON MOUNT TITANI, 25,000 FEET ABOVE THE ITALIAN PLAIN IS *SAN MARINO*, A TINY SOVEREIGN STATE SINCE THE YEAR 301. ONE THING MARRED ITS PEACE: IT LAY IN THE GRIP OF A GANGSTER EMPIRE KNOWN ONLY TO ITS CITIZENS AND THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL POLICE COMMISSION. BUT IT REMAINED FOR CONGO BILL TO BREAK THE TENTACLES OF...

"The Octopus LEAGUE!"



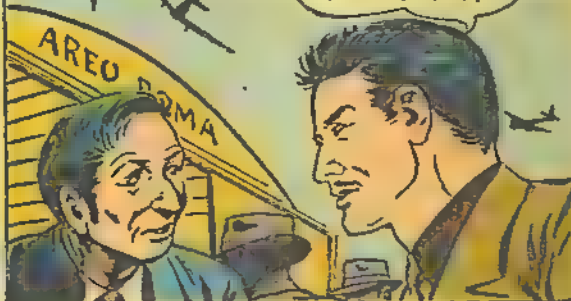
AT THE BUSTLING ROMA AIRPORT, AS A GIANT SKYLINER DISCHARGES ITS PASSENGERS...



THAT BIRD HAS BEEN EYEING ME SINCE I GOT ON THE PLANE, AND NOW HE'S IN A HURRY TO GET AWAY FROM ME! WONDER WHO HE IS--?

CONGO BILL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF? I'M--

--I KNOW! REMO ZARRANI, THE GREAT ITALIAN DETECTIVE! I BAGGED THE FIRST PLANE OUT WHEN YOUR WIRE CAME TO WORLD-WIDE! IT SOUNDED IMPORTANT!



IMPORTANT! MAMA MIA!
THE REPUTATION OF THE
WHOLE INTERNATIONAL
CRIMINAL POLICE COM-
MISSION IS AT STAKE!

**WHEW! IF IT'S THAT
BIG, LET'S GET
OVER TO YOUR
OFFICE RIGHT
AWAY FOR THE
WHOLE STORY!**



IN THE
OFFICES OF THE
CARA-
BINIERI
(ITALIAN
POLICE),
OVER-
LOOKING
THE
PIAZZA
DEL
SORTE...

HERE IS SAN MARINO, WHERE MY
FATHER LIVES! THIS INDEPENDENT
LITTLE COUNTRY INSIDE ITALY HAS
BECOME A HAVEN FOR THE
OCTOPUS LEAGUE--A
GANG OF CUTTHROATS
WHO STRIKE EVERY-
WHERE AND CAN'T
BE CAUGHT.

**WHY NOT
EXTRADITE
THEM, GET
THEM OUT
LEGALLY
FROM SAN
MARINO?**



AH, MY FRIEND, THAT'S THE RUB!
THE LEAGUE CONTROLS THE
WHOLE COUNTRY! EVEN THE
POLICE CHIEF IS AFRAID! AND
HONEST CITIZENS, LIKE MY
FATHER, CAN DO NOTHING!
LET ME TELL YOU WHAT
HAS BEEN
HAPPENING...



**"AT
ELECTION
TIME,
WHILE
CITIZENS
WAITED
TO CAST
THEIR
BALLOTS...**



**YOU VOTE THE WAY I TELL
YOU TO, OR YOU'LL NEVER
VOTE AGAIN...**



"AND IN STORES..."

**BUT I--I CAN'T
BUY STOLEN
JEWELS!**

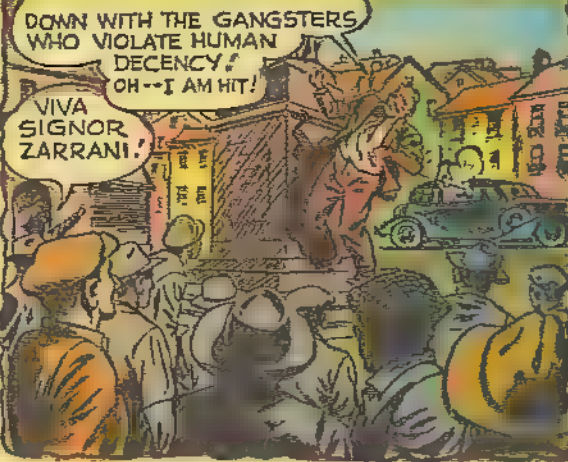
**YOU'LL BUY THESE AND
PAY MY PRICE OR YOU'LL
BE OUT OF BUSINESS
PERMANENTLY!**



**"IT WAS MORE THAN MY FATHER COULD STAND!
MEETING WITH OTHER INDIGNANT CITIZENS..."**

**DOWN WITH THE GANGSTERS
WHO VIOLATE HUMAN
DECENCY!
OH--I AM HIT!**

**VIVA
SIGNOR
ZARRANI!**



HERE ARE PICTURES OF THOSE CRIMINALS WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE **OCTOPUS LEAGUE** BECAUSE THEIR TENTACLES REACH INTO EVERY COUNTRY FOR LOOT WHICH IS DELIVERED TO SAN MARINO! AND EVERY JOB IS PLANNED BY THEIR BOSS--**LUIGO MAXIMO!**

HOLD IT! THAT'S THE MAN WHO WATCHED ME ON THE PLANE ALL THE WAY FROM AMSTERDAM! YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO MEET **ME**, ZARRANI, THAT MAXIMO SLIPPED OUT OF YOUR HANDS AT THE AIRPORT!

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! AND HE'S PROBABLY SLIPPED BACK INTO SAN MARINO EVEN THOUGH THE ROADS ARE CLOSELY GUARDED! I NEED YOUR HELP TO FIND OUT **HOW!**

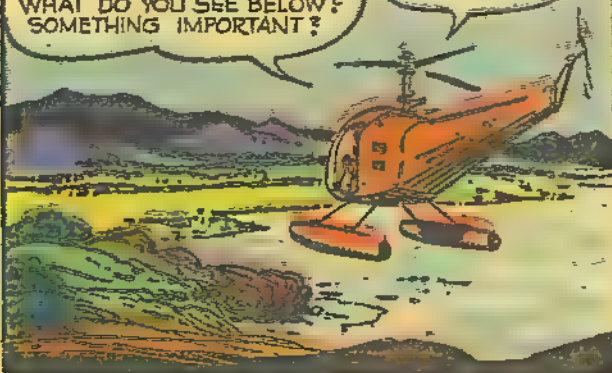
A GLIMPSE OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY MIGHT GIVE ME AN IDEA! CAN YOU GET A HELICOPTER?



NEXT MORNING, AS THE SEA POUNDS THE COASTAL ROCKS AT HIGH TIDE...

THIS IS STILL ITALY! SAN MARINO BEGINS JUST AHEAD IN THE MOUNTAINS! WHAT DO YOU SEE BELOW? SOMETHING IMPORTANT?

MAYBE--BUT I DON'T KNOW. LET'S GET ON OVER THE MOUNTAINS!



LOOK, SIGNOR ZARRANI! NOW THE THIEVES BRING THEIR STOLEN GOODS INTO SAN MARINO BY PLANE!

I MUST SAY NOTHING! IT IS MY SON REMO'S PLANE! HE SIGNALS ME BY HAND--KERCHIEF!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

THERE'S THE CASTLE WHERE MAXIMO HATCHES HIS PLANS! IF WE COULD ONLY SMOKE HIM OUT, WE'D HAVE A CHANCE!

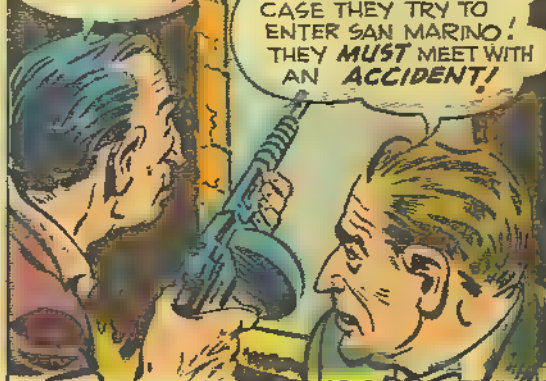
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! TURN AROUND, ZARRANI! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THOSE ROCKS ON THE COAST!

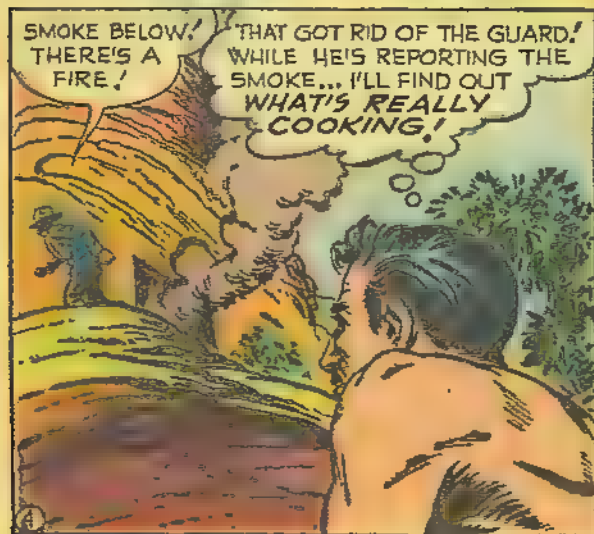
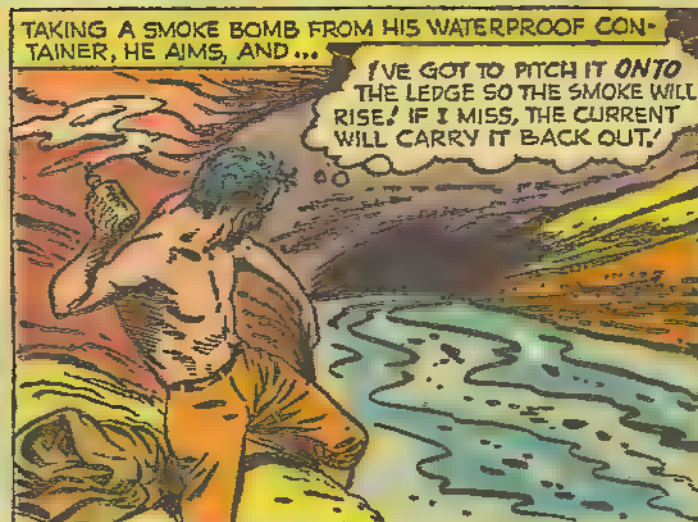
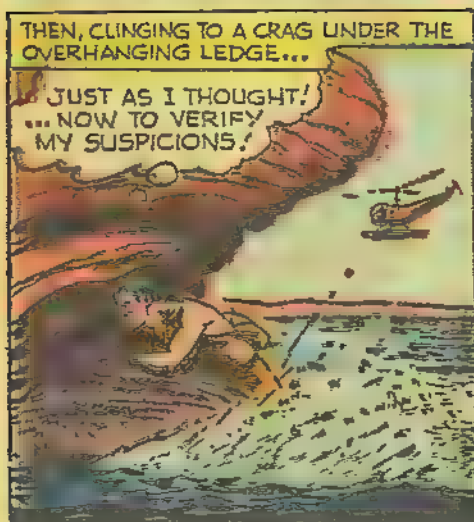
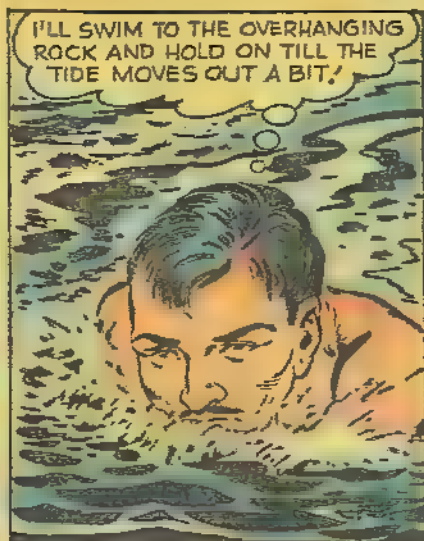
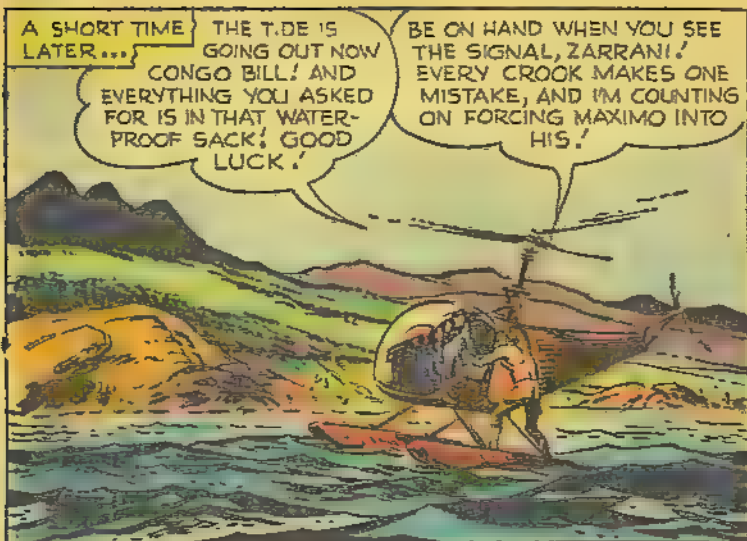


BUT IN A TURRET WINDOW OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE...

IT'S ZARRANI'S PLANE! SHOULD I SPRAY IT WITH LEAD?

NO, **CONGO BILL'S** WITH HIM! THERE'D BE AN INVESTIGATION, PASS THE WORD AROUND IN CASE THEY TRY TO ENTER SAN MARINO! THEY **MUST** MEET WITH AN **ACCIDENT!**





MEANWHILE, AT THE CASTLE...

IT'S ONE OF CONGO BILL'S TRICKS! HE'S WISE TO US! BY TOMORROW, ZARRANI WILL BLOCK US IN! WE'VE GOT TO PULL OUT OF SAN MARINO TONIGHT! ROUND UP THE MEN--AND SEE THAT PAPA ZARRANI DOESN'T LEAVE!

THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE GROTTO!

AS THE HOODLUM SPEEDS TO THE OLD MAN'S HOUSE...

USE THIS FLARE AS SOON AS THE TIDE STARTS TO EBB! IT'S A SIGNAL FOR YOUR SON REMO TO BE READY WITH THE CARABINIERI! MEANWHILE, GET THE PEOPLE TOGETHER!

THE PEOPLE WILL ERECT A MONUMENT TO YOU IF WE SUCCEED, CONGO BILL! THE HEEL OF MAXIMO HAS PINNED US DOWN FOR A LONG TIME!

BUT...--NOT PIN YOU DOWN, OLD MAN--BUT GRIND YOU IN THE DUST!

I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!

BLAM! SMACK! AGH!

GET SOME ROPE AND TIE HIM UP, PAPA ZARRANI! I HAVEN'T THE TIME--I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO! BUT DON'T YOU FORGET THE FLARE!

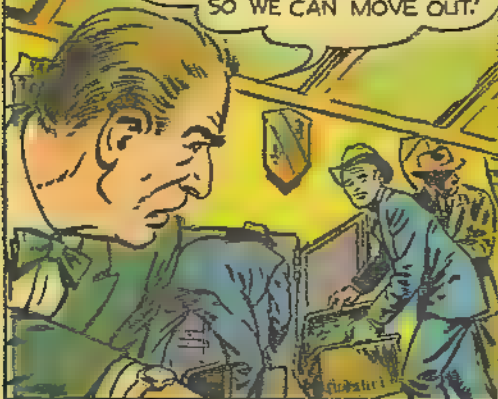
RETURNING TO THE LEDGE NEAR THE SEA, CONGO BILL PLUNGES DOWN...

THERE'S A CREVICE IN THE BASE OF THAT ROCK! WHAT AN IDEAL PLACE TO PLANT THE KNAPSACK!

THAT'LL HOLD THE KNAPSACK DOWN! NOW TO STRING THE WIRE UP NEAR THE MOUNTAIN CAVE DOOR!

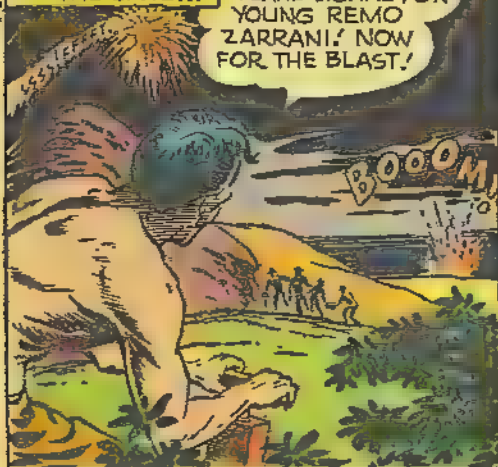
IN THE CASTLE, AS SUNLIGHT FADES FROM THE MOUNTAINS...

IN TEN MINUTES, THE TIDE WILL BE LOW ENOUGH! LET'S GET GOING TO THE CAVE SO WE CAN MOVE OUT!



BUT AS THEY FLEE TO THE CAVE...

THERE'S THE FLARE SIGNAL FOR YOUNG REMO ZARRANI! NOW FOR THE BLAST!



SUDDENLY... GANGSTERS! CROOKS! BREAK DOWN THE DOORS!

THE PEOPLE ARE ATTACKING!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! OLD MAN ZARRANI HAS THEM ALL WORKED UP! LET'S GO!



AND IN THE GROTTO, WHERE THE SPEEDBOATS STAND IN READINESS...

SOMETHING'S WRONG, MAXIMO! THE RIVER IS RISING - AND THERE'S NO CURRENT!

IT'S THAT CONGO BILL! HE'S BLASTED THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER SHUT! IT'S FLOODING THE GROTTO! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK!



LET GO! I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT! I RUN THIS COUNTRY!

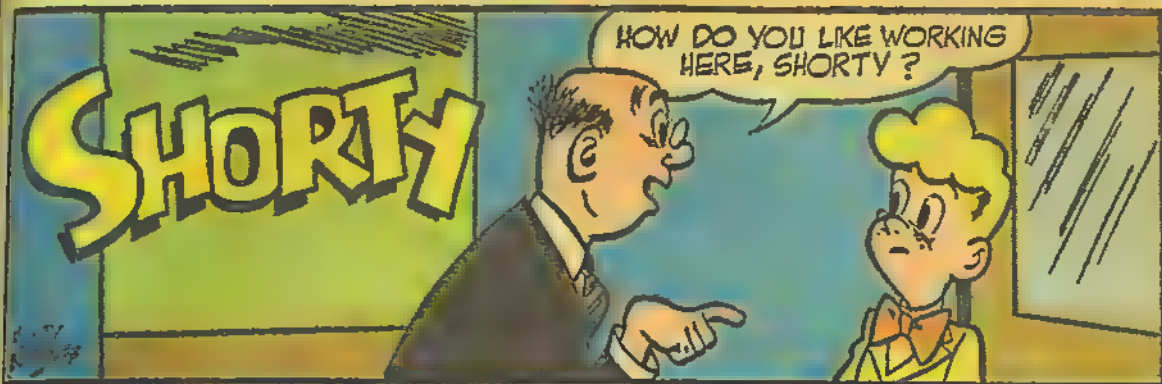
NOT ANY MORE, MAXIMO! THE PEOPLE ARE IN CONTROL, THANKS TO PAPA ZARRANI, WHO LED THEM! AND THEY'RE TURNING YOUR OCTOPLUS LEAGUE OVER TO HIS SON REMO, IN ITALIAN TERRITORY! THE FLARE WAS THE SIGNAL FOR THE CARABINIERI TO CLOSE IN!



LATER... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS AN UNDERGROUND RIVER? IT NEVER OCCURRED TO US!

WHEN WE FLEW OVER, THE YELLOW SILT IN THE SEA MEANT THERE WAS A FRESH WATER RIVER RUNNING UNDER THE GROTTO ROCK! BY BLOCKING THE RIVER MOUTH, I FLOODED THE CAVE AND BLOCKED MAXIMO'S EXIT!





ADVERTISEMENT



Scores one for the HANDICAPPED!

HEY, BUZZY, WHY DOES SUSIE HAVE TO BE NICE TO THAT DEAF GUY? LET HIM GO SIT IN THE CORNER AND MOPE, LIKE HE USED TO.

AW, GIVE JOHNNY
A BREAK, WOLFIE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SPEAK SLOWLY AND DISTINCTLY, SO HE CAN READ YOUR LIPS, AND YOU CAN GET ALONG FINE WITH HIM. HE'S DANCING PRETTY WELL NOW, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM SUSIE.

AW, HE'S A
KILL-JOY!
I'M GOING TO
CUT IN ON
HIM!

YOU'RE DOING OKAY,
JOHNNY. AND I'M GLAD
YOU'RE GETTING YOUR
HEARING AID NEXT WEE

SO AM I, SUSIE. I FELT SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT THE IDEA, BUT THEN I REALIZED HOW SILLY IT WAS. HOW COULD I EXPECT HELP FROM OTHERS IF I DIDN'T HELP MYSELF?

HEY,
LOOK
OUT,

NOW SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!

DON'T MIND HIM, JOHNNY! IT WAS REALLY HIS FAULT, TRYING TO BARGE IN LIKE THAT.

ISN'T HE
TERRIFIC!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT?
NOW I'M THE
KILL-JOY!

THANKS, BUZZY. BUT
MAYBE I CAN SAVE THE
PARTY BY PLAYING THE PIANO
FOR THE GANG. I USED TO
PLAY BEFORE MY ACCIDENT.
AND I CAN STILL DO
PRETTY WELL AT IT!

DON'T YOU BE A
KILL-JOY! RE-
MEMBER, A HAND-
ICAPPED PERSON
WANTS TO JOIN
IN THINGS, TOO. HIS
ATTITUDE DEPENDS
UPON HOW YOU
ACT TOWARD HIM.
SO GIVE HIM YOUR
HELP AND UNDER-
STANDING—AND HE
WON'T FEEL
HANDICAPPED.

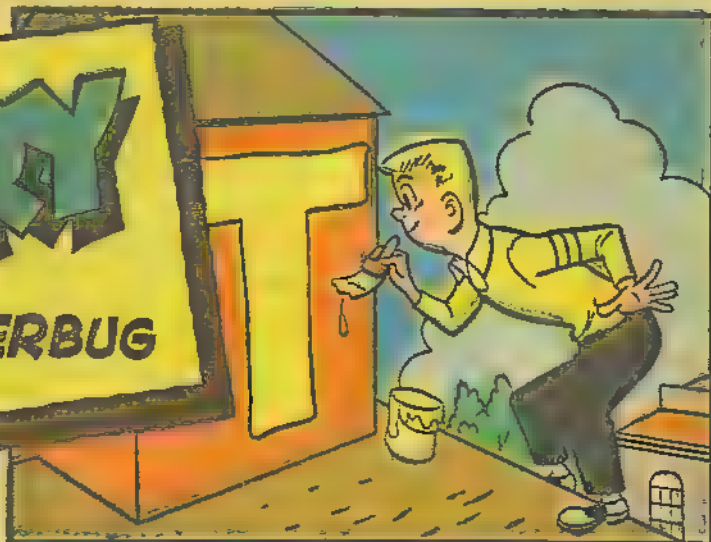
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JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

JERRY
LITTLE



THERE -ANOTHER
ONE!

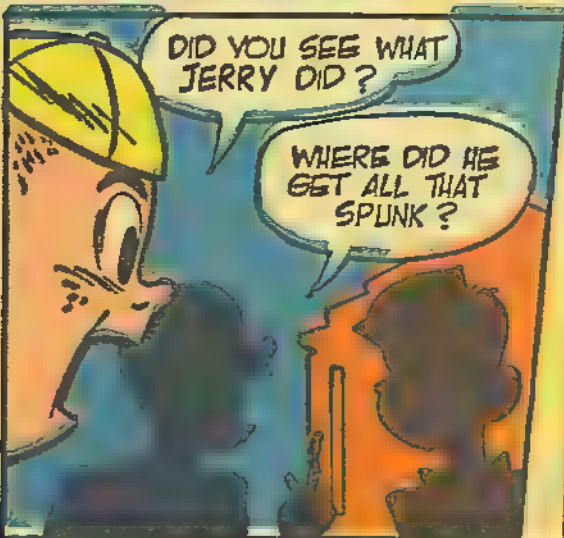


EVERYTHING FOR DEAR
OLD TILTON HIGH!



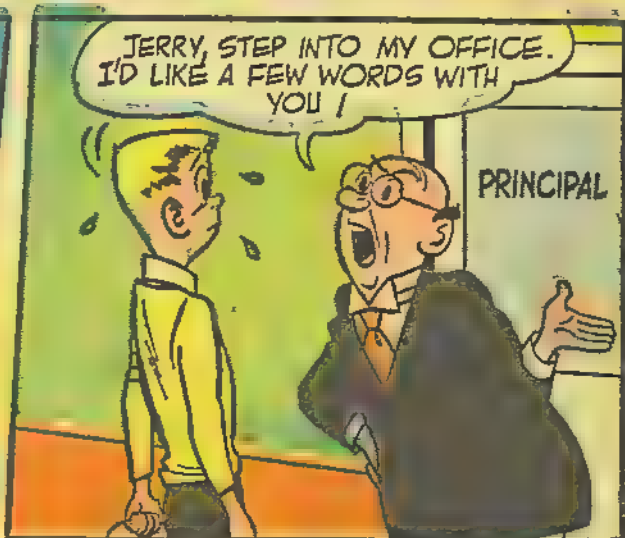
DID YOU SEE WHAT
JERRY DID?

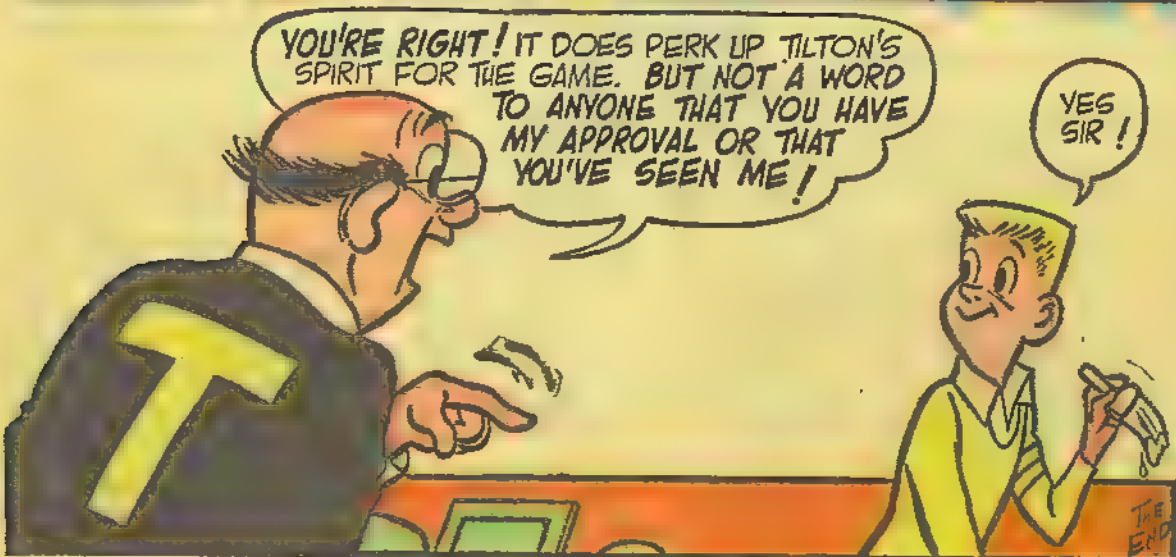
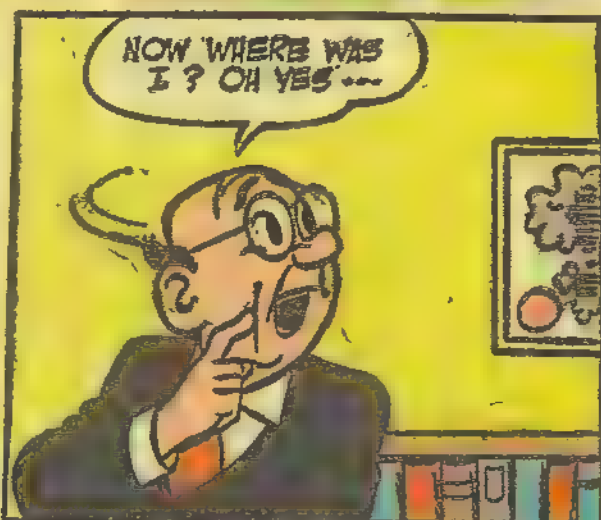
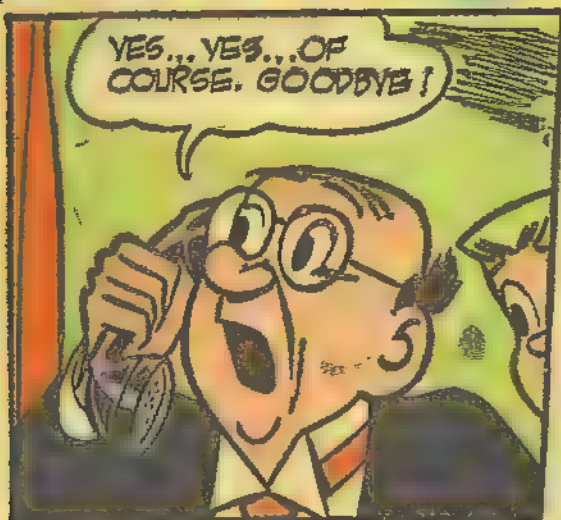
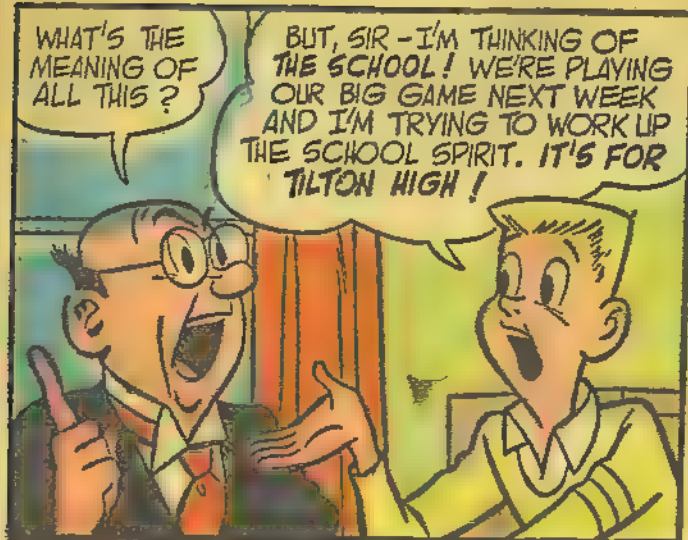
WHERE DID HE
GET ALL THAT
SPUNK?



JERRY, STEP INTO MY OFFICE.
I'D LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH
YOU!

PRINCIPAL







The PRESIDENT'S YACHT

SHE was a small ship, as Navy ships go.

She wasn't making any speed record. She was a friendly ship; no enemy aliens aboard, no weapons. Yet, as she moved down the Potomac River to Chesapeake Bay and down the bay to the Atlantic, Mr. & Mrs. America were informed of almost every nautical mile she covered.

It was foggy in Hampton Roads when she arrived at that point, the papers said. Radio commentators stated that later, off Cape Hatteras, there was a bit of a chop. Abreast of Jacksonville, the sea was calm and the sun was shining when the ship sailed past that point, news items declared.

The reason why millions followed the course of this small and rather ordinary-looking ship with such interest is, of course, that she was no ordinary ship at all. She was the presidential yacht, USS WILLIAMSBURG, and the President and his party were aboard.

Now, few seamen aboard the WILLIAMSBURG consider the presidential yacht 'unusual duty. Nor do they think of themselves as unusual because of their association with the nation's most important citizen. They think of their ship as most other U. S. Navymen think of theirs—as a home, and as a place of employment.

Still, to most people, including those in the Navy, the WILLIAMSBURG is more than just another ship. And rightly so.

It was back in 1931 that the vessel now named the WILLIAMSBURG first tasted

salt water. It was built and launched in Bath, Maine. She was a private yacht at first, and named ARAS, the name of the owner's wife, spelled backward. The ARAS traveled quite a few miles in the next 10 years, taking the owner and his family and friends on many pleasant cruises in the Atlantic and the Caribbean.

In 1941, the ARAS was acquired by the Navy and converted to a gunboat. Two 50-caliber dual purpose guns were installed, and toward the end of the year she departed for Reykavik, Iceland. She served as station ship there, and later as a patrol vessel. From 1943 to 1945, she was flagship of the Training Command, Atlantic Fleet.

Then, in November 1945, she became the presidential yacht, the fifth presidential yacht in U. S. history. This, naturally enough, brought to an end her gun-carrying. Her sole armament aboard today consists of the quartermaster's .45 automatic.

Only one man remains in the ship's crew who was aboard in November 1945. Still, the turnover of personnel on the ship is not rapid. Almost all petty officers and a very large percentage of non-rated men reenlist aboard the WILLIAMSBURG when their enlistment expires.

Her first trip as a presidential yacht was to Bermuda. Other trips have taken her to Charleston, Miami, Key West, Havana, San Juan and several ports of the West Indies. During the President's stay at the

"Little White House" at Key West, the ship usually serves as quarters for some of the guests. There, as anywhere away from Washington, the WILLIAMSBURG'S rather elaborate communication equipment serves the purpose for which it was installed, instant and constant contact with other communication centers, particularly with Navy headquarters in Washington.

She makes many short weekend trips in the waters neighboring Washington—down the Potomac, in Chesapeake Bay, up the Delaware River.

Occasionally one of the younger sailors will get itchy feet. He'll hear from a friend in the Mediterranean or in the far Pacific, and discover a yearning for wider travel. Replacements are a trifle more of a problem than in other ships. Men assigned to duty aboard the WILLIAMSBURG must be a notch or two above run-of-the-mill.

The men have to be consistently neat, consistently "on their toes." The President may, at any time when he is aboard, stop beside a man at work and pass the time of day—and often does. A certain amount of poise and personality is of value upon such occasions.

Officers, too, of course, are outstanding Navy men. The WILLIAMSBURG'S skipper, due to his war record, is one of the most-decorated officers in the Navy. Commander Donald J. MacDonald is authorized to wear the following medals:

The Navy Cross with gold star for second award, the Silver Star Medal with two gold stars for second and third awards, the Legion of Merit with gold star for second award, the Commendation Ribbon, the Presidential Citation, the American Defense Service Medal, the Asiatic-Pacific Area Campaign Medal with five stars, the American Area Campaign Medal, the European-African-Middle Eastern Area Campaign Medal, and the World War II Victory Medal.

Seldom do the members of the ship's company as a whole get a glimpse into the

guest quarters which occupy most of the area above the main deck. When they do, they see signs of comfort which, in this degree, are just about unique aboard a ship of the U. S. Navy—blue-carpeted passageways, fine furnishings, mirrors, paintings.

Seldom as they may see it, they all know the general layout, however. There are the President's room, the First Lady's room, one of the two lounges, all on the second deck up; the dining room, the four guest rooms, the other lounge, on the main deck level. It's nice—mighty nice. Right up with what you would find in a top-flight Washington or New York hotel or aboard the Queen Mary.

Below decks is the usual arrangement, with some variations. Well forward are the CPO quarters, with the wardroom just aft of them. Aft of the officers' quarters you will find the crew's quarters. Some repair shops are on this level also. Below are such things as the bosn's locker, refrigeration spaces, the engine room.

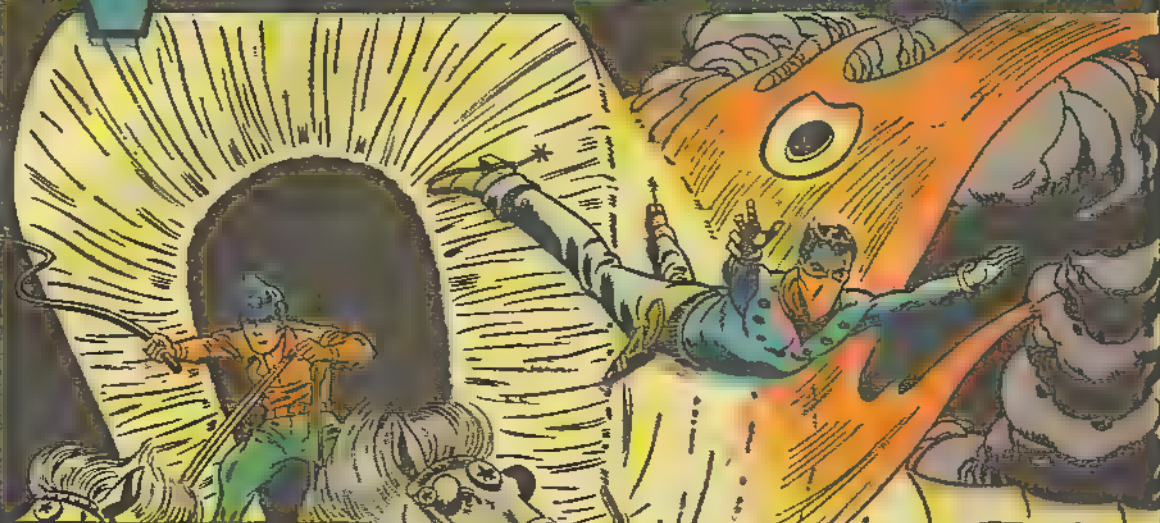
WILLIAMSBURG is run like any other Navy ship administratively. Like the skipper, some of the other officers are destroyer officers, and they find destroyer procedures well suited to the small ship. Men assigned to the ship gain experience and training which will be valuable wherever else they go during their careers.

And think of the tales they will be able to tell their grandchildren!

"Yes, lad—this was back in '50. . . . We'd anchored overnight just off Piney Point. I was at the throttle of the anchor engine, heavin' in the hook just about daylight. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a half-familiar shape at my elbow. I looked around, and there was the President of the U. S. 'A good morning to you, son,' he says. . . ."—H. O. Austin, JOC.

(Reprinted from ALL HANDS, the Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin.)

VIGILANTE



FRONTIER DAYS ARE BACK AGAIN! COVERED WAGONS ROLL INTO THE SUNSET... AND THE FAMOUS VOICE OF THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR SINGS OLD-TIME MELODIES! BUT REALISM TAKES A SINISTER TURN WHEN BANDIT BULLETS AND INDIAN RAIDERS MENACE A CARAVAN PLANNED FOR HARMLESS FUN -- AND THE VALIANT VIGILANTE MUST RIDE STIRRUP-TO-STIRRUP WITH DEATH TO SOLVE THE BAFFLING MYSTERY THAT HAUNTS--

"The COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE!"

LIKE LUMBERING GHOSTS, PICTURESQUE COVERED WAGONS OF OLD EMERGE FROM AN ABANDONED DESERT TRAIL TO STALL TRAFFIC ON A MODERN HIGHWAY...

HEY, YOU! HOW'M I GOING TO DELIVER THIS MILK BEFORE IT SOURS?

GIT A HOSS, PARTNER! THAT'S WHAT YOUR GRAND-PAPPY USED TO BUILD THIS COUNTRY WITH!



AND OVER THE CREAKING OF AXELS AND DRUMMING OF HOOFS RISES THE RICH TENOR VOICE OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

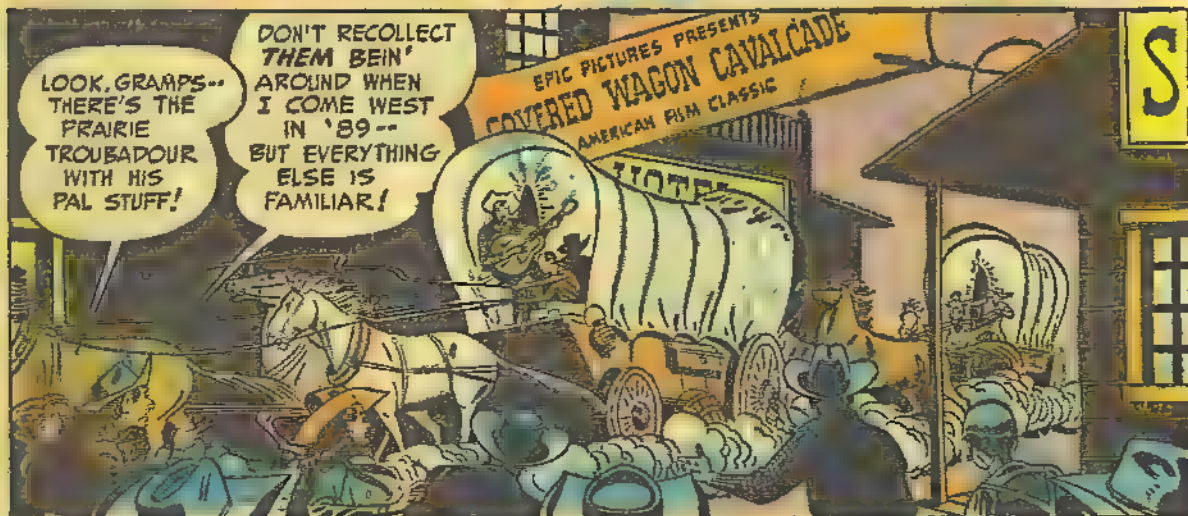
WA-A-A-AGON WHEELS--
WA-A-A-AGON WHEELS--
F J J J J

THIS MAY BE JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR A MOVIE, BUT I'M GETTING A LOT OF FUN OUT OF IT!



LOOK, GRAPPS-- THERE'S THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR WITH HIS PAL STUFF!

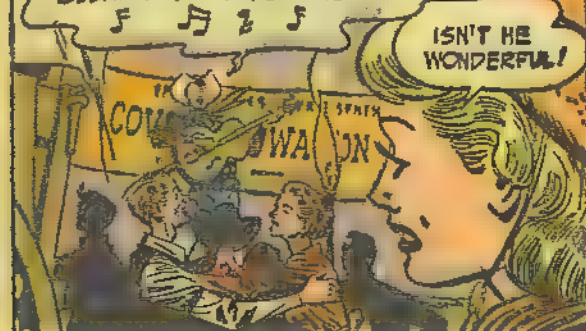
DON'T RECOLLECT THEM BEIN' AROUND WHEN I COME WEST IN '89-- BUT EVERYTHING ELSE IS FAMILIAR!



THAT NIGHT, THERE IS ENTERTAINMENT BY TORCH-LIGHT IN THE TOWN SQUARE WHERE THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE CAMPS...

THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE CREAKS ONWARD THROUGH THE YEARS, WITH GLORIES THAT WILL NEVER FADE-- SUSANNAH, DRY YOUR TEARS--
F J J J J

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!



OH, SUSANNAH, ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE QUEEN! THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE WILL KEEP YOUR MEMORY GREEN!
F J J J J

GOSH, LIFE MUST'VE BEEN ROMANTIC IN THE OLD DAYS!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE WAGON THAT SERVES AS LIVING QUARTERS FOR GREG AND STUFF...

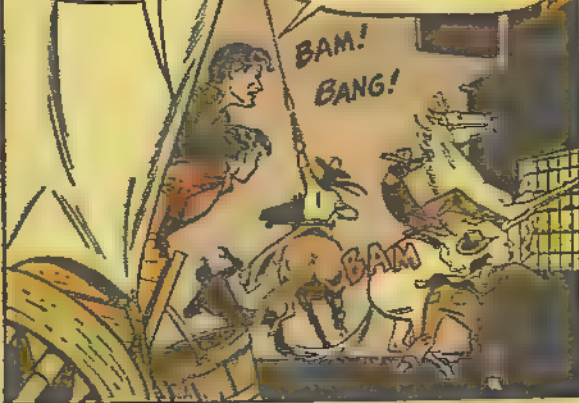
YOU KNOW, P.T., I'VE HEARD WORSE SINGING COMMERCIALS THAN THAT ONE YOU--

LISTEN! SHOOTING!



MAYBE THE TOWN'S STAGING A FAKE BANDIT RAID AS A WILD WEST STUNT IN OUR HONOR!

I DON'T THINK SO, STUFF! THAT HOMBRE JUST WINGED A SHERIFF WITH A SURE-NOUGH BULLET!



SWIFTLY, THE COWBOY CROONER DONS A FAMOUS FIGHTING COSTUME--THEN HAULS A CUSTOM-BUILT MOTORCYCLE FROM A COMPARTMENT...

SO WE RIDE THE TIN BRONC AGAIN, HUH?

WE DO--AND FAST! SOUNDS AS IF SIX OR EIGHT OWLHOOTERS ARE DOING THAT SHOOTING!



AND ONCE AGAIN, THE VIGILANTE--LAWMAN OF THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE--LASHES OUT AT OUTLAWRY...

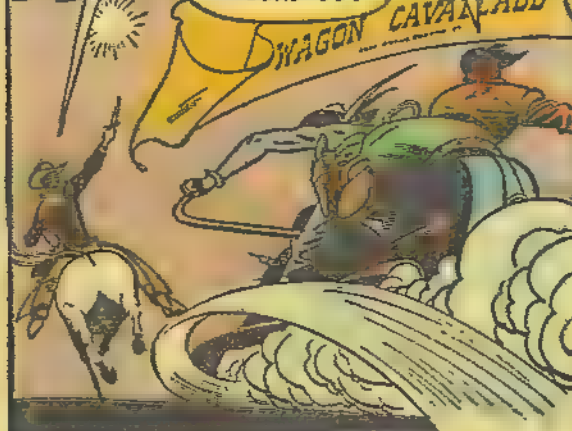
THE VIGILANTE! I'LL--OW!

LOOK--NO HANDS!



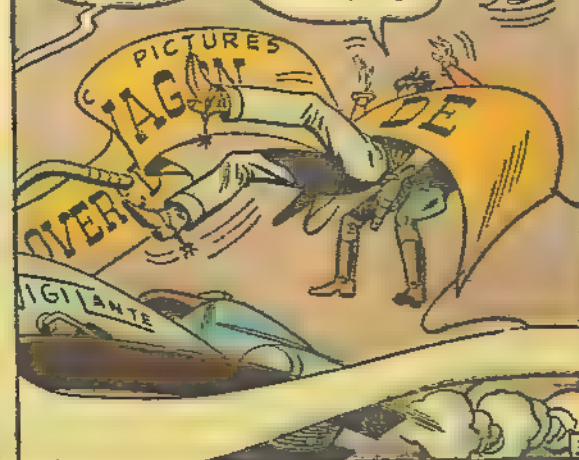
YUH'LL NEVER GIT ME, VIG!

STEP ON IT, PARDNER, OR THAT FALLING BANNER'S GOING TO WRAP ITSELF AROUND US!



HAW! HAW!

GET SET FOR A CRASH LANDING, STUFF!



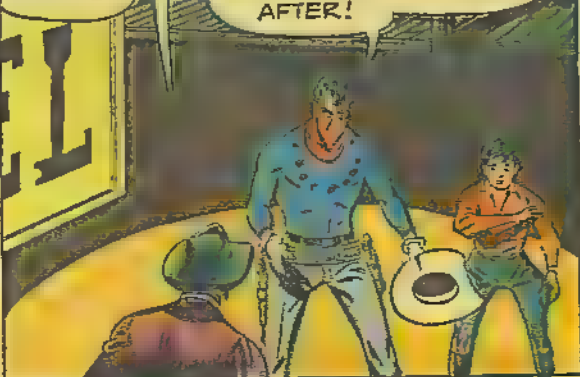
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM IN THE DARK!

HERE COMES MATT PAULIN, WHO DREAMED UP THIS HOLLYWOOD PUBLICITY STUNT--LOOKING AS IF HE'D LOST HIS BEST FRIEND!



I NEVER SUSPECTED YOU WERE AROUND, VIGILANTE--BUT I SURE AM GLAD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MY DIGNITY'S BRUISED, BUT IT'LL HEAL! AS ORGANIZER OF THAT WAGON TRAIN, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THOSE OWLHOOTS WERE AFTER!



I CAN'T IMAGINE! FAR AS I KNOW, WE'RE NOT CARRYING ANYTHING ESPECIALLY VALUABLE! AND I DOUBT IF ANY RIVAL PUBLICITY MAN IS USING BULLETS TO SABOTAGE MY PROMOTION CAMPAIGN!

I AGREE!



THESE ARE PRETTY GOOD HORSES--BUT RUSTLERS COULD RUN OFF HUNDREDS FROM RANCHES WITH LESS TROUBLE! AND WHAT WOULD CROOKS WANT WITH THESE OLD WAGONS?

IT'S A CINCH THEY WANTED *SOME-THING*! BANDITS DON'T RISK PRISON TERMS FOR ROBBERY--OR DEATH SENTENCES FOR MURDER--WITHOUT A GOOD REASON!



WHY WAS THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE RAIDED? NEXT DAY, AS THE PROCESSION HEADS INTO THE DESERT, THE MYSTERY IS AS DEEP AS EVER...

THEY DID MORE WILD SHOOTING AND YELLING THAN ANYTHING ELSE, P.T.! COULDN'T PAULIN HAVE RIGGED IT JUST TO GET PUBLICITY?

HE ISN'T CRAZY, STUFF! WITH A SHERIFF WOUNDED, AND SCORES ENDANGERED, THE ONLY PUBLICITY HE COULD EXPECT WOULD BE BAD!



THAT NIGHT, CAMP IS MADE IN THE HEART OF A SANDY PLAIN, MILES FROM ANY DWELLING...

WIND, SAND AND STARS, EH, PAULIN? EVERYTHING THE PIONEERS FOUND OUT HERE--EXCEPT UNFRIENDLY INDIANS!

THANK GOODNESS! INDIANS ARE ONE THING WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!



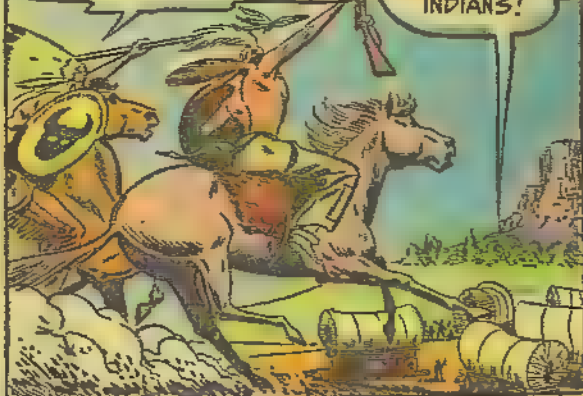
BUT MATT PAULIN IS WRONG-- FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, AT THE CREST OF A NEARBY RIDGE ...



SUDDENLY, SHRILL WHOOPS MAKE THE NIGHT hideous ...

YIP-YIP-YIP-OO-OO-OO-O-O-EEEE!

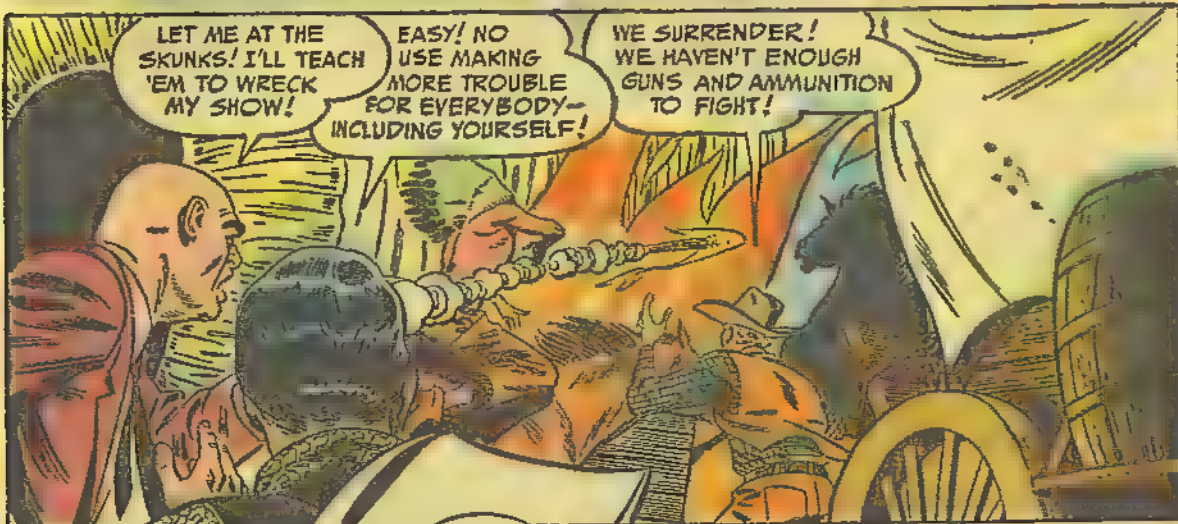
GREAT SNAKES! WE'RE BEIN' ATTACKED BY INDIANS!



LET ME AT THE SKUNKS! I'LL TEACH 'EM TO WRECK MY SHOW!

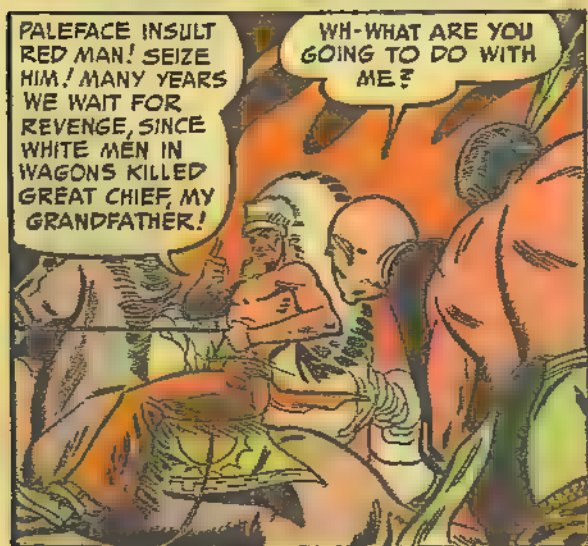
EASY! NO USE MAKING MORE TROUBLE FOR EVERYBODY-- INCLUDING YOURSELF!

WE SURRENDER! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH GUNS AND AMMUNITION TO FIGHT!



PALEFACE INSULT RED MAN! SEIZE HIM! MANY YEARS WE WAIT FOR REVENGE, SINCE WHITE MEN IN WAGONS KILLED GREAT CHIEF, MY GRANDFATHER!

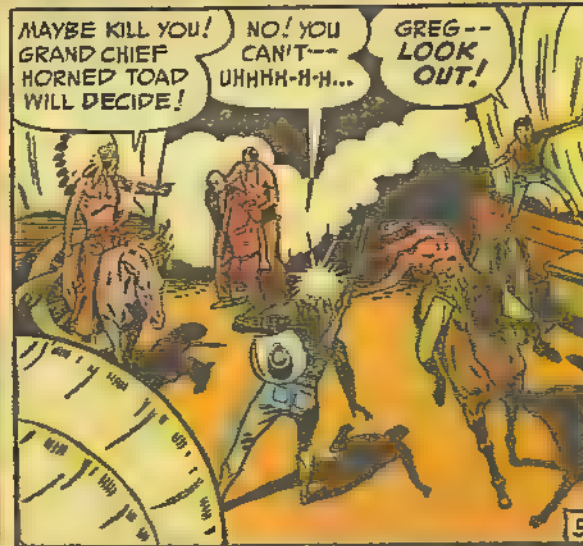
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?



MAYBE KILL YOU! GRAND CHIEF HORNED TOAD WILL DECIDE!

NO! YOU CAN'T-- UHHHH-H-H...

GREG-- LOOK OUT!



MINUTES LATER, AS GREG REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

MY HEAD!
WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU GOT SLUGGED!
THE INDIANS TOOK
PAULIN WITH THEM,
AND LEFT THE
REST OF US
STRANDED--

SMASHING OUR WATER
CASKS, EMPTYING OUR
CANTEENS AND DRIVING
OFF THE HORSES!



MIGHT AS WELL HAVE
SHOT US! WITHOUT A
DROP OF WATER, IT'LL
BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TO WALK THROUGH THIS
SAND TO CIVILIZATION
IN TOMORROW'S HEAT!

LET'S GO, FELLA!
THIS IS A PROBLEM
FOR THE VIGILANTE
TO TACKLE!



SOON, UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, THE VIGILANTE
AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER SLIP AWAY INTO THE
DESERT...

DO YOU
BELIEVE THAT YARN
ABOUT THE INDIANS
WAITING GENERATIONS
TO GET REVENGE?

I'M RESERVING
JUDGMENT TILL WE
KNOW MORE, STUFF!
GUESS WE'RE FAR
ENOUGH FROM THE
OTHERS TO START
THIS MOTOR!



EVIDENTLY THEY'RE
HEADING FOR THOSE
HILLS! LUCKY WE GOT
RIGHT ON THEIR
TRAIL, BEFORE THE
WIND CAN COVER IT!

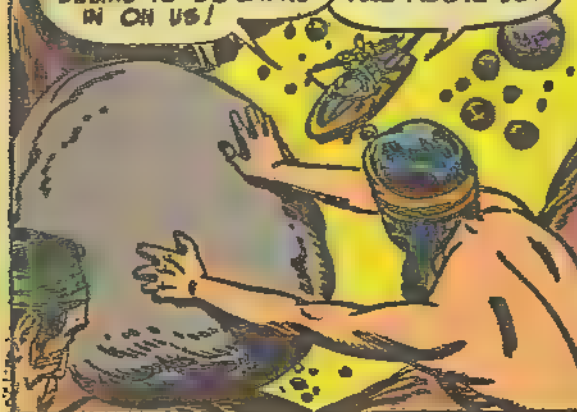
THIS SAND SURE
SLOWS 'EM DOWN!
WE'RE NOT MAKING
ANY BETTER TIME
THAN THEIR HORSES
COULD, IF THEY
HURRIED THEM!



AND AS THE TRAIL SWERVES THROUGH A
DEEP CANYON...

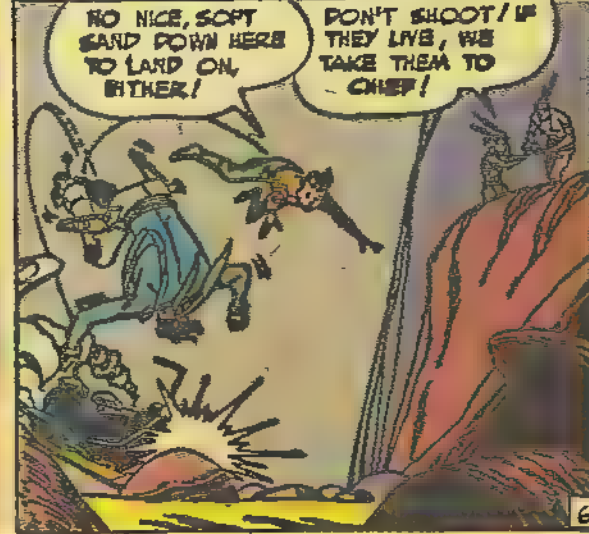
OH, OH-- THE PLACE
SEEMS TO BE CAVING
IN ON US!

IT'S A TRAP!
THE INDIANS
ARE ABOVE US!



NO NICE, SOFT
SAND DOWN HERE
TO LAND ON,
EITHER!

DON'T SHOOT! IF
THEY LIVE, WE
TAKE THEM TO
- CHIEF!



LED THROUGH A NARROW OPENING IN A CLIFF, THE CAPTIVES REACH A HUGE, EERIE CAVERN...

WHAT A HIDEOUT! THEY EVEN KEEP THEIR HORSES IN HERE-- THEIR OWN AND THE ONES THEY RAN OFF FROM THE WAGON CAMP!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHETHER GRAND CHIEF HORNED TOAD-- IF THAT'S THE NAME-- HAS PAULIN HERE!



INDIANS FIX MATT PAULIN! NOW FIX VIG, WHO WAS FOOL TO LEAVE PISTOL CREEK, AND BOY, STUFF, WHO SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH SINGING STAR OF PROMOTION STUNT SHOW!... TAKE PRISONERS TO BURIAL CHAMBER!

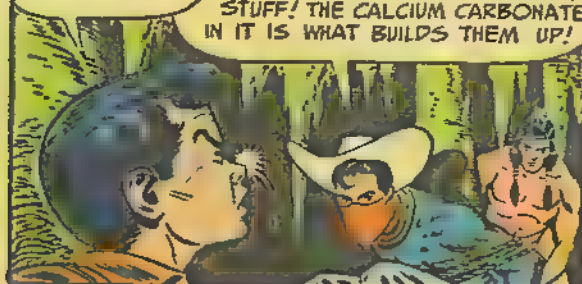
BURIAL CHAMBER? W-WF ZE NOT READY FOR THAT YET!



PRESENTLY, THE TWO WESTERN HEROES ARE BOUND AND TAKEN TO THE FAR END OF A SMALL, CLUTTERED PASSAGE...

WHAT'S THE IDEA, MAKING ME SPEND THE LAST MINUTES OF MY LIFE UNDER A LEAKY FAUCET?

THAT WATER DRIPS WHEREVER YOU FIND STALACTITES HANGING FROM THE CEILING OR STALAGMITES RISING FROM THE FLOOR, STUFF! THE CALCIUM CARBONATE IN IT IS WHAT BUILDS THEM UP!



WATER NOT BOTHER PALEFACES TOO LONG! SOON DYNAMITE GO BOOM AND TUNNEL CAVE IN! HO, HO, HO!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY TO SEE THE CHEERFUL SIDE OF EVERYTHING!



BUT, WHEN THE PAINTED WARRIORS DEPART, THE SLOW-DRIPPING WATER BECOMES THE PRISONERS' LAST DESPERATE HOPE...

THAT MAT'S AS GOOD AS AN UMBRELLA, VIG!

BETTER. STUFF! IT CATCHES WATER, INSTEAD OF SHEDDING IT! IF ONLY IT CAN CATCH ENOUGH BEFORE THE BLOWUP!



ALMOST IN THE LAST SPLIT SECOND...

IF I MISS, WE'RE GONERS!

YOU DID IT! BUT HOW'LL WE GET OUT OF THESE ROPES BEFORE THEY GET TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE EXPLOSION AND COME BACK TO INVESTIGATE?



BUT IS THERE TIME? STEADILY, THE HISSING SPARK NEARS THE END OF THE FUSE...

STRETCHING TO GRIP THE TORCH WITH HIS BOUND FEET, THE VIGILANTE FLIPS IT...

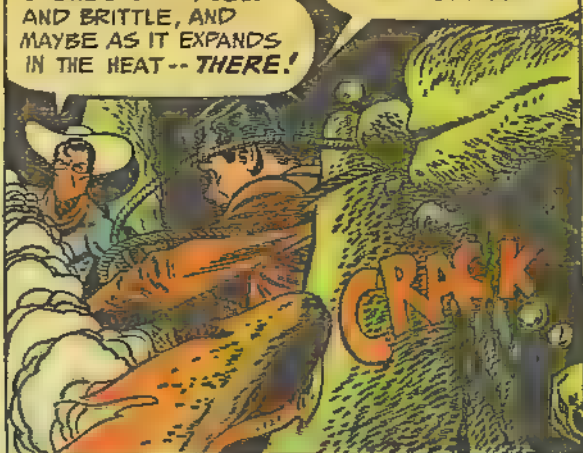
NOW FOR ANOTHER EXPERIMENT WITH THIS TORCH--IF IT DOESN'T GO OUT ON ME!

BUT YOU CAN'T REACH EITHER YOUR ROPES OR MINE WITH IT, AND--HEY! TRYING TO BURN ME UP?



NOT YOU--THE STALAGMITE YOU'RE TIED TO! THE STONE'S DAMP, COLD AND BRITTLE, AND MAYBE AS IT EXPANDS IN THE HEAT--THERE!

HUH--? IT'S CRACKING UP! I CAN GET LOOSE!



FREE AT LAST! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TORCH, OR ELSE SCORCH OUR FINGERS!

IF WE HURRY, THERE'LL BE ENOUGH LIGHT TO GET US OUT OF THIS TUNNEL, WHERE THE FIRE IN THE BIG CAVERN WILL GUIDE US! RECKON I'LL TAKE THE DYNAMITE, THOUGH!



AS THE LAWMAN COMES WITHIN RANGE OF HIS CAPTORS...

THEY'RE WONDERING WHY THEY HAVEN'T HEARD AN EXPLOSION! WE'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT!

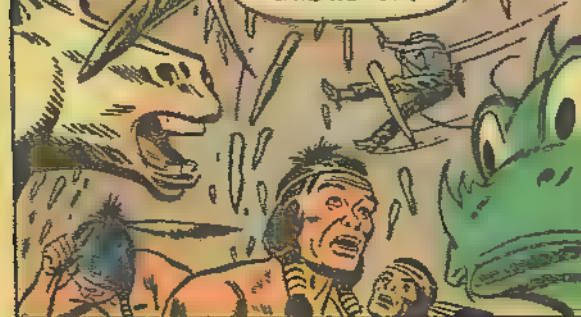
I GET IT--A STALACTITE SHOWER!



WHILE MEN CRY OUT AND NERVOUS HORSES REAR, A NOOSE SNAKES OUT--AND A LITHE FIGURE SWINGS THROUGH THE GLOOM...

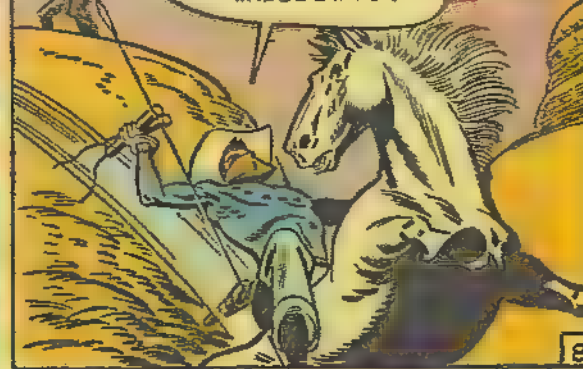
YIII! THE ROOF'S CAVIN'IN!

IT'S NO ACCIDENT! THE VIGILANTE MUST BE LOOSE! BE READY TO SHOOT WHEN HE SHOWS UP!



THERE HE IS!

NOW COMES THE TOUGH PART! THIS CAYUSE IS A BEAUTY--BUT IF HE ISN'T WELL-TRAINED, TOO, HANDLING HIM WITHOUT SADDLE OR BRIDLE IN A SPOT LIKE THIS WILL BE PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!



LUCK FAVORS THE VIGILANTE, HOWEVER--FOR HE FINDS HIMSELF ASTRIDE THE MOST AMAZING STEED OF ALL HIS EXPERIENCE...

SPEAKING OF HORSE SENSE-- THIS FELLOW KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITHOUT BEING TOLD! I'VE MET PLENTY OF HUMANS NOT HALF AS SMART!

I'M GETTIN' IN ON THIS ROUNDUP!



AND WITH STUFF RIDING A SECOND FOUR- LEGGED WONDER, THE OUTLAWS ARE SWIFTLY OUTMANEUVERED...

NOW THAT YOU HOMBRES ARE CORNERED, WILL YOU THROW YOUR GUNS DOWN AND YOUR HANDS UP--OR SHALL I THROW *THIS*?

THE DYNAMITE! WE SURRENDER!



SHUCK YOUR FALSEFACE, MATT PAULIN! WHEN YOU USED PUBLICITY LINGO LIKE "PROMOTION STUNT SHOW" YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY AT THE START--AND YOUR MASQUERADING PALEFACE OWLHOOTERS NEVER WERE ESPECIALLY CONVINCING!

WELL, I'LL BE A GOPHER'S GRANDPAPPY!



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE STRANDED COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE...

THE INJUN'S ARE COMIN' BACK TO FINISH US!

I RECKON NOT! 'PEARS LIKE THEY'RE TIED UP, WITH THE VIGILANTE RIDIN' HERD ON 'EM--AN' BRINGIN' BACK OUR HOSSES!



SO YUH SAVED MATT PAULIN! BUT WHY'S HE TIED UP LIKE THE INJUNS?

BECAUSE HE'S AS MUCH INDIAN AS THEY ARE--IF NOT MORE, BEING THEIR CHIEF! HE MASTER-MINDED THE PISTOL CREEK RAID BEFORE HAVING HIS PALEFACE HOODLUMS PUT ON WARPAINT-- BECAUSE HE WANTED THE HORSES YOU WERE DRIVING!



YUH MEAN, HE'S JUST A LOW-DOWN, ORDINARY HOSS-THIEF?

LET'S CALL HIM AN **EXTRA-ORDINARY** HORSE 'THIEF! AT LEAST, THE HORSES ARE SOMETHING SPECIAL! I COULDN'T GUESS WHAT HE WAS AFTER TILL I RODE ONE, AND FOUND OUT WHAT WASN'T APPARENT AS LONG AS THEY WERE IN HARNESS!

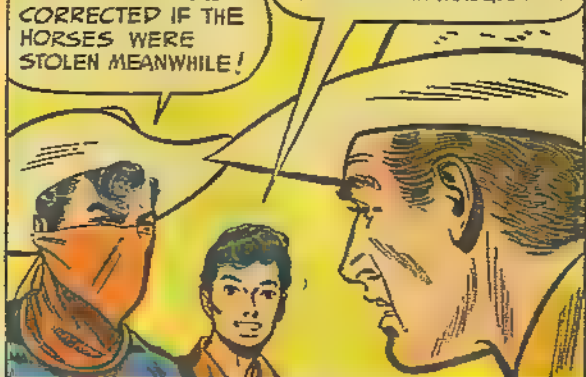


THEY'RE PURE-BLOODED, HIGHLY-TRAINED ARABIAN HORSES, WORTH OVER \$20,000 APIECE, RENTED BY EPIC STUDIOS FOR ANOTHER PICTURE, AND KEPT IN THE SAME STABLES WITH THE ORDINARY HORSES USED FOR "COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE"! THE ARABIANS WERE TO BE SHIPPED BACK TO THEIR OWNER, AND THE OTHERS TO PAULIN FOR THIS STUNT!



PAULIN JUGGLED THE SHIPPING ORDERS SO HE'D GET THE ARABIANS! IT WOULD PASS FOR A MISTAKE--ONE THAT COULD NEVER BE CORRECTED IF THE HORSES WERE STOLEN MEANWHILE!

AND AFTER VIG SPOILED THE FIRST TRY AT STEALING THEM, PAULIN JOINED HIS HIRED OUTLAWS IN THE INDIAN MASQUERADE!



HE KNEW OF A CAVE, CLOSE TO GRAZING LAND, WHERE THE HORSES COULD BE HIDDEN TILL HE COULD DISPOSE OF THEM SAFELY! IT WAS A LOT OF TROUBLE, BUT--

TROUBLE! A CROOK COULD AFFORD TO TAKE TROUBLE WITH 40 CRITTERS WORTH CLOSE TO A MILLION DOLLARS!



UNDISCOURAGED BY ITS BRUSH WITH DEATH, THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE RUMBLES ON--UNDER THE NEW LEADERSHIP! AT THE NEXT STOP...

THE VIG LEFT 'EM FOR US TO DELIVER! UP TO TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL!

GOOD FOR HIM! AN' LUCKY FOR THESE HOMERES TIMES HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE ORIGINAL COVERED WAGON DAYS, WHEN HOSS THIEVES GOT STRUNG UP FAST AS THEY WERE CAUGHT!



THANKS TO THE HEADLINES THAT FOLLOW, THE PROMOTION STUNT DRAWS BIGGER CROWDS THAN EVER...

THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE IS ROLLING WESTWARD YET, THOUGH BANDITS RIDE AND INDIANS RAID-- SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU FRET!

THERE'S STUFF, THE KID WHO HELPED THE VIGILANTE CORRAL THE RAIDERS!

I S'POSE THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR WAS TOO BUSY PRACTICIN' HIS SCALES TO JOIN 'EM!



OH, SUSANNAH-H-H-H, HUSH YOUR SOBS AND SMILE-- THE COVERED WAGON CAVALCADE WILL GET YOU THERE IN STYLE!

MAYBE NOT THE LATEST STYLE-- BUT GOOD!



The MAGAZINE YOU WANTED!



THE GREAT
FIRST ISSUE
WAS A
SENSATIONAL
HIT!

MORE AND MORE
ENTHUSIASTIC READERS
CAN HARDLY WAIT
FOR EACH
NEW
ISSUE!

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TREATED YOURSELF
TO THE EXCITEMENT
AND THRILLS OF

STRANGE ADVENTURES

BE SURE
TO GET ISSUE #5
RIGHT NOW!

STORIES THAT STIR THE
IMAGINATION ... THAT LEAD YOU
ON PERILOUS JOURNEYS THROUGH
OUTER SPACE ... THAT HURL
THE SPINE-TINGLING
CHALLENGE;
**"YOU ONLY THINK THEY
COULDN'T
HAPPEN!"**

WANTED

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Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Seeds.



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Gold cap pistol puffs smoke. All leather holster and belt. Sell one order.



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Films of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus \$5.00.



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G. I. Bill gives you valuable training benefits. But time is running out. Act now to get N. R. I. training under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon! Hurry!

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Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

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Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 81,000,000 home and auto Radios. 2700 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radios, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding fields making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

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And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1949 almost 3,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 20,000,000 Television sets will be in use. 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician.



I TRAINED THESE MEN

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"Soon after finishing the N.R.I. course, I worked for servicing shops. Now I am Chief Engineer of two-way PM Police Radio Installations."—S. W. BIRN- WIDHI, Jacksonville, Illinois.

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110 WEEK IN SPARE TIME
"Before finishing course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in spare time. Recommended N.R.I. to everyone interested in Radio."—N. J. VETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

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Learn your job while training at home. Hundreds of men are trained as successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. You keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing

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You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target . . . he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but . . . like a knife,  . . . or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person . . . ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So . . . if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one . . . your parents, guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you . . . and  should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

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DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE
TARGET OUTFIT, Complete
Contains RED RYDER CARBINE;
2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE SIGHT
MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE. No. 311, complete outfit in gigantic carton, only \$7.50.

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SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid cuts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

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